

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED: IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—Goethe.

SUBSCRIPTION, FREE BY POST, 20s. PER ANNUM,

Payable in advance by Cash or Post-Office Order to DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, Regent Street, London, W

VOL. 48—No. 49.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1870.

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.
5d. Stamped.

MR. SIMS REEVES WILL SING BEETHOVEN'S
LIEDERKREIS (series of six songs), and Scenes from "PRODIGAL SON" (Sullivan), THIS DAY.

(CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY.—SATURDAY
CONCERT AND AFTERNOON PROMENADE. Mdlle. Sealehi, Mr. Sims Reeves, Pianoforte—Herr Pau-r. Conductor—Mr. MANNS. Beethoven's Symphony, No. 8, in F, and Concerto, No. 1, in C. Overtures, "Egmont and Demetrius," first time (Hiller). After Concert, Presentation of Prizes to London Rifle Brigade. Admission, 2s. 6d.; Stalls, 2s. 6d. Now ready at Palace, and 8, Exeter Hall. Apply early.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA,
COVENT GARDEN.

LAST WEEK BUT ONE.

NOTICE.

THE Season will positively terminate on SATURDAY, Dec. 10.

THIS DAY (Saturday), Dec. 3, CHERUBINI'S Opera, "MEDEA." Jason, Signor Fancelli (his first appearance in that character); Creonte, Signor Antonucci (his first appearance in that character); Neris, Mdlle. Sinico; Lamia, Mdlle. Madigan; Clyte, Mdlle. Bailey; Dirce, Mdlle. Bauermeister; and Medea, by Mdlle. Tietjens. Conductor—Signor ARDITI.

LAST WEEK.

MONDAY NEXT Dec. 5, MOZART'S Opera, "IL DON GIOVANNI." Zerlina, Mdlle. Sessi; Donna Elvira, Mdlle. Sinico; Don Ottavio, Signor Vizzani (his first appearance in that character); Don Giovanni, Signor Cotogni; Leporello, Signor Ciampi; Masetto, Signor Tagliafico; Il Commendatore, Signor Foli; and Donna Anna, Mdlle. Tietjens. Conductor—Signor ARDITI.

TUESDAY NEXT, December 6, MEYERBEER'S Opera, "ROBERTO IL DIAVOLO." Roberto, Signor Gardoni; Bertram, Signor Antonucci; Rambaldo, Signor Rinaldini; Alberto, Signor Caravoglia; Cavallieri, Signor Casaboni; Signor Faller, Signor Tagliafico; Isabella, Mdlle. Sinico; Elena, Mdlle. Blanche Ricols; and Alice, Madame Corani (her first appearance). Conductor—Signor ARDITI.

THURSDAY NEXT, December 8, WEBER'S Opera, "DER FREISCHUTZ." Rodolfo, Signor Vizzani; Caspar, Signor Foli; Killano, Signor Casaboni; Kuno, Signor Zoboli; Ottocar, Signor Rinaldini; Hermit, Signor Tagliafico; Annetta, Mdlle. Sinico; and Agata, Mdlle. Tietjens. Conductor—Signor BEVIGNANI.

LAST NIGHT BUT ONE.

FRIDAY NEXT, Dec. 9, DONIZETTI'S Opera, "LA FIGLIA DEL REGGIMENTO." Maria by Mdlle. Sessi. To be followed by two Acts of AUBER'S Opera, "MASONIELLO," including the celebrated Market Scene.

POSITIVELY THE LAST NIGHT OF THE SEASON,
SATURDAY, December 10.

Stage Manager Mr. A. HARRIS.

The opera commences at eight o'clock. Prices: Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Grand Circle Seats, 7s. 6d.; Reserved Box Seats, 5s.; Amphitheatre Stalls (reserved), 4s.; Amphitheatre Stalls (unreserved) 3s.; Pit 4s.; Amphitheatre, 2s. Private Boxes from 10s. 6d. to £4 4s.

MR. WILFORD MORGAN.

MR. WILFORD MORGAN, of the Royal Italian Opera, can accept engagements for Oratorios, Concerts, &c. Address, 18, Surrey Street, Strand, W.C.

BENEDICT'S renowned Ballad, "ROCK ME TO SLEEP," will be sung by MISS JESSIE ROYD, December 20th, in Mrs. John Macfarren's Pianoforte and Vocal Recital, at Coalbrookdale.

ELY DIOCESAN CHURCH MUSIC SOCIETY.

The Committee of the above Society give notice that it is their intention to offer a
PRIZE OF FIVE GUINEAS,

FOR THE BEST

FULL ANTHEM FOR A FESTIVAL OF PARISH CHOIRS.

The Words must be appropriate and selected from Holy Scripture. The Music not to exceed seven minutes in performance. The successful Candidate will be required to publish his Anthem at a price not exceeding 4d. per copy; the Committee reserving to themselves the right to insert it in any of their Festival Service Books. The Compositions (bearing a motto, but no name, and accompanied by an envelope with a corresponding motto, containing within the author's name and address, clearly written), must be sent to the Secretary, the Rev. F. Gerald Vesey, Lawrence Court, Huntingdon, before Easter 1871. Unsuccessful compositions will be returned after the adjudication of the Prize.

MISS POOLE'S GRAND CONCERT

AT THE

HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS,

ON

MONDAY EVENING, December 5th, 1870.

ARTISTES.

*MADAME SINICO

AND

*MDLLE. MADIGAN,

* From the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, by the kind permission of J. H. MAPLESOX, Esq.

MISS BANKS.

MISS AGNES DRUMMOND.

MISS BLANCHE COLE.

MISS JOSEPHINE SHERRINGTON.

MISS PHILP

MISS POOLE.

MISS MAUDE SEYMOUR.

MDLLE. CLARA DORIA.

MDLLE. ROSAMUNDA DORIA.

MR. GEORGE PERREN.

MR. ORLANDO CHRISTIAN.

*SIGNOR VIZZANI

AND

*SIGNOR CIAMPI.

* From the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, by the kind permission of J. H. MAPLESOX, Esq.

PIANOFORTE.....SIGNOR MATTEI

HARP.....Mr. J. BALSIR CHATTERTON.

BASSO.....SIGNOR BOTTESINI.

CONDUCTORS.

SIGNORI MATTEI, LI CALSI, Mr. SIDNEY NAYLOR, AND
HERR W. GANZ.

Numbered Stalls, 7s.; Reserved Seats, 5s.; Area, 3s.

May be had of Messrs. HUTCHINGS and ROMER, 9, Conduit Street; all the principal Musicians; and of Miss POOLE, 21, Park Village East, Regent's Park.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.

Conductor, Sir MICHAEL COSTA—FRIDAY, Dec. 16, in celebration of the Centenary of the Birth of the Composer, BEETHOVEN'S MASS in C and MOUNT OF OLIVES will be performed. Tickets 3s., 5s., and 10s. 6d., now ready at 6, Exeter Hall. Note.—The position of the few stalls not taken up by last year's subscribers may now be seen, and subscriptions at once received for them, entitling to double tickets for the above performance. The usual Annual Christmas Performances of the "Messiah" will take place on 23rd and 30th Dec. Tickets now ready.

MADAME VANZINI will sing at St. James's Hall,

December 10th; Edinburgh, 12th; Glasgow, 13th; and the "MESSIAH," at York, 21st; Leeds, 22nd; Hull, 23rd; Birmingham, 26th, &c. All communications respecting engagements to be addressed to her residence, 4, Loudoun Villas Bridge Road, St. John's Wood, or to Mr. George Dolby, 62, New Bond Street.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—Instituted 1822.— Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1830.

UNDER THE IMMEDIATE PATRONAGE OF
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN,
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES,
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OF WALES,
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE CHRISTIAN,
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS CHRISTIAN,
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.
President—THE EARL OF DUDLEY.
Principal—PROFESSOR W. STERNDALE BENNETT.

PRIZE VIOLIN.

One of the valuable Cremona Violins, bequeathed to this Institution by the late Charles Kelsall, Esq., will be given as a Prize (should sufficient merit be exhibited) to the best Violin Student who shall have been a pupil of the Royal Academy of Music during the Three Terms immediately preceding Christmas, 1871.

By Order, JOHN GILL, Secretary.

Royal Academy of Music,
4, Tenterden Street, Hanover Square.

MADAME R. SIDNEY PRATTEN, Teacher of the GUITAR and CONCERTINA, begs to inform her Friends and Pupils that she has returned to Town for the winter season.—33, Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square, W.

DEC. 7.—ROSSINI'S MESSE SOLENNELLE.—
Mlle. Tietjens, Mme. Alboni, Mr. Sims Reeves, Signor Fancelli, Signor Foli, Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir. Pianoforte, Mr. J. G. Calcott; Harmonium, Mr. John C. Ward; Harps, Mlle. Elise Jansen and Mlle. Waldeufel. Conductor, Mr. Henry Leslie.

ALBONI.—Mme. ALBONI in Rossini's MESSE SOLENNELLE, WEDNESDAY EVENING, December 7.

DEC. 7.—ROSSINI'S MESSE SOLENNELLE.—
St. James's Hall, WEDNESDAY EVENING NEXT, at eight o'clock.—
Mme Alboni's Re-appearance.—Sofa Stalls, 15s.; Area Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Balcony, 7s. 6d.; Unreserved tickets, 5s., 2s., and 1s. Tickets at all music publishers', and at Austin's Ticket-office, St. James's Hall.

NEW MUSIC.—WATCH BY THE RHINE ("Die Wacht am Rhein"). Transcribed for the Pianoforte by W. S. ROCKSTRO.
4s., free by post 24 stamps.
THE ROYAL PRUSSIAN MARCH, for the Pianoforte. Composed by STEPHEN GLOVER. Free by post 18 stamps.
LA MARSEILLAISE, for the Pianoforte. By GEO. F. WEST. The favourite Arrangement. 4s.; free by post 24 stamps.
London: Published only by Robert Cooks and Co., New Burlington Street. Order of all Musicians.
N.B.—List of newly-published music, with opinions of the press, gratis and post free on application.

Just Published,

LITTLE DITTIES FOR LITTLE CHILDREN, SIX NEW SONGS BY

EDWARD WALTER HAMILTON.

PRICE NETT, THREE SHILLINGS.

LAMBORN COCK & Co., 62 and 63, New Bond Street.

SONGS FOR CHILDREN.

By Mrs. J. W. BLISS (Miss LINDSAY).

No. 1.—"THE ROBIN,"

With beautifully Illustrated Title.

Will be Published December 8th. Post free for 18 stamps.

London: LAMBORN COCK & Co., 62 and 63, New Bond Street.

MR. MAYBRICK will be at liberty to accept engagements after December 25th. Address, care of Messrs. Hutchings & Romer, 9, Conduit Street, W., or Mr. George Dolby, 52, New Bond Street, W.

WANTED, a RESPECTABLE YOUTH at a Music Warehouse. Apply by letter, stating age, &c., to Mr. Hays, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings.

BRISAC'S eminently successful "VALE DE BRAVOURE," will be played by Mrs. John Macfarren, in her Pianoforte and Vocal Recital, at Coalbrookdale, on Tuesday, December 20.

ST. LEGER'S NEW SONGS.

Next Week will be Published.

"SONS OF THE BRAVE, AWAKE TO GLORY,"

AND

"THE SOLDIER'S FAREWELL"

Written by

H. J. ST. LEGER, Esq.,

Composed by

TOM BROWNE AND DESMOND L. RYAN.

"REVIVALS,"

EDITED BY

J. W. DAVISON.

No. 1. GRAND FANTASIA

(IN E AND A MINOR AND MAJOR),

No. 2. DRAMATIC FANTASIA

(IN C MAJOR),

FOR THE PIANOFORTE, BY

WILHELM FRIEDEMANN BACH.

Price 6s. each.

* Both of the above named Fantasias were played for the First Time in Public at the Monday Popular Concerts by Madame ARABELLA GODDARD.

LONDON: DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, REGENT STREET, W.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—Instituted 1822.— Incorporated by Royal Charter.

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HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES,
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HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS CHRISTIAN,
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.
President—THE RIGHT HON THE EARL OF DUDLEY.
Principal—PROFESSOR W. STERNDALE BENNETT.

WESTMORLAND SCHOLARSHIP.

A Scholarship for Vocalists, called "The Westmorland Scholarship" (in memory of the late Earl of Westmorland, the founder of the Royal Academy of Music), has been established by Subscription, and will be contended for annually in December. It is open for Public Competition to Female Candidates between the ages of eighteen and twenty-four Years, and is not confined to Pupils of the Academy.

The Amount of Scholarship is £10, which will be appropriated towards the cost of Year's Instruction in the Academy.

The Examination will take place at the Academy on Monday the 19th of December next, at Ten o'clock.

The Certificate of Birth must be produced previous to the Candidates being allowed to compete for the Scholarship. No application can be received after December 17th.

POTTER EXHIBITION.

The Examination for the Potter Exhibition for Female Students of the Royal Academy of Music, of two or more years' standing, will also take place on Monday the 19th of December, at Twelve o'clock.

By order, JOHN GILL, Secretary
Royal Academy of Music,
4, Tenterden Street, Hanover Square.

THE ALEXANDRA HOMES. Patron—H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES. Patroness—H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES. Vice-Patron—HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY. There are now Twenty-six Homes erected, and partially endowed. Funds are urgently required for the maintenance of the inmates, and for the unavoidable Annual Expenses. ROYAL ASSEMBLY ROOMS, Margate (kindly lent for the occasion by Edwin Villiers, Esq., the Proprietor), on MONDAY EVENING, December 6th, 1870. MRS. FRANCIS TALFOURD'S THIRD ANNUAL VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL GRAND CONCERT, will be given in aid of the above Institution, when the following Eminent Artists and kind Friends have generously promised their valuable services:—Miss Katherine Poyntz, Miss Lucy Franklin, Signor Ciabatta, Mr. Trelawny Cobham, Signor Gardoni, Master J. L. Hutton, Mr. Paque, Signor Tito Mattei; Mrs. Tennent, Mrs. Francis Talfourd, Mr. John Henry Crofts, Mr. John Hodges, and other kind Friends. Patrons—His Grace the Duke of Marlborough; the Most Hon. the Marquis of Salisbury; the Right Hon. Earl Granville, K.G. (Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports); the Right Hon. the Earl of Granard, K.G.; the Right Hon. Viscount Castlereagh, M.P.; the Right Hon. Lord Vaux of Harrowden; the Right Hon. Lord Fitzwalter; Sir George Boywer, Bart.; the Patrons, Vice-Patrons, and the Trustees of the Alexandra Homes. Lady Patronesses—Her Grace the Duchess of Marlborough; the Most Hon. the Marchioness of Londonderry; the Most Hon. the Marchioness of Salisbury; the Right Hon. the Countess Granville; the Right Hon. the Countess of Granard; the Right Hon. Lady Vaux of Harrowden. Conductors—Signor Tito Mattei and Mr. J. L. Hutton.

**BRIGHTON CONCERT AGENTS,
PIANOFORTE AND MUSICOSELLERS.
LYON & HALL,
WARWICK MANSION.**

INDIVIDUALITY AND SCHOOL.*

(Continued from page 741.)

Art is something for which certain aptitudes must be given to every individual, and, in consequence, instruction, in its leading features, must always be individual and addressed to persons separately. But individuality consists really only in the difference in musical proclivities, and, therefore, one of the first necessities in instruction is to take these proclivities into consideration. That it is difficult for everyone to become everything is as evident with respect to instruction as it is with respect to all other things. Difficult is the pedagogical task of becoming intimately acquainted with the inward peculiarity of the pupil and working upon him in virtue of this knowledge.—Now in just the same proportion that instruction opens up in the pupil's mind one compartment after another, awakens the pupil inwardly more and more, renders him active and leads him on, does it announce its own goodness and right to be taken as a model. That such instruction is rare, and that consequently real teachers are so too, are facts which do not admit of a doubt.

We consider, therefore, that a principal requirement of the present theory of art is that, contrary to the former theory, it should clearly recognize, and endeavour to develop, the individuality of each separate pupil. Of course, the master cannot teach the pupils individuality, but he must not leave it disregarded, or actually suppress it on purpose, in obedience to a regular plan. The new theory of art and the old have this in common, that every pupil, whether he be a genius, as it is called, or not, must receive a thoroughly good rudimentary course of instruction, without which no further development, either general or individual, is possible. But the great difference consists in the fact that the master of the present day has to take for his goal the complete independence of his pupil, and must not trust to a happy chance, or to Genius, for making something of him. To reach this goal is not an impossibility.

In instruction, one step is raised upon, is developed out of, the other, and the pupil must stop at each one till he has completely mastered it. Many a fault is committed at this stage of the process. It often happens that the pupil passes more rapidly over one step than over another, considering the former not so important; but this is a fault for which he has always to pay eventually, though perhaps not for a long time. Many things that we blame as defects in him are primarily caused by this practice of neglecting certain details, for he has never afterwards found either time or inclination to fill up the gap. If he happens, in his compositions, to come upon such a point, he endeavours to avoid it as a *noli me tangere*, or to go round it as artistically as possible. Yes, that is his weak point, people say, as though to excuse him. There are many such steps in the course of study, but there is at each plenty of opportunity for the teacher to recognize the individual peculiarities of the pupil, and regulate by them the general foundation which absolutely must be laid. This rudimentary knowledge should be, to a certain extent, the background from which the individual stamp of the pupil should stand boldly forth. Before, however, the pupil has reached the last steps in his progress, his peculiarities, under such a system of proper guidance, have been so shaped that he at length comes to a consciousness of them, and it is then that, on his side, first begins the mastery over the building-materials of his art; it is then that his teacher can first open his eyes to the byways which lead from the only right road; it is then that he can, for the first time, be looked upon as a genuine disciple of art, as knowing what he wants, as being able to discuss with another what is agreeable to his individuality and what not; and such a young disciple of art will not regard the last touches which his master gives him, or which he gives himself, as a final preparation, and decking-out for certain finite artistic objects, but, as a serious ordeal, a piece of self-examination, a weighing of all the resources which God has placed in him, and which he, by toiling and working, has endeavoured to develop. Such cases are, unfortunately, not frequent. Is it the intelligent teachers or the intelligent pupils who are the rarities? Some persons will say the former, and others the latter. If we consider the matter objectively, with a due consideration of the great mass of musical students who go through the course year by year, we cannot entirely absolve from blame either masters or pupils.

The pupils seldom bring with them the energy required by the seriousness of the subject of study, being very apt to regard as a pedant a master who obstinately insists upon his own narrow-minded views, and allows his pupils no freedom. In addition to their regular subjects, they study, in consequence, others, which perhaps run directly counter to the former, and which they then unfortunately too often look upon as those of most importance. They neglect in this manner the theory of art, properly so called, and take the principal thing very easily, the final result being that they are deficient in this point and deficient in

that. The fact is, the pedant was not capable of understanding their geniality. They were not properly appreciated, and others—in their opinions, slow-minded dolts—were preferred to them. Whatever these gentlemen at last bring forth in the shape of melodic and harmonic impossibilities, of formless monstrosities, &c., is the overflowing of pure genius. Individuals of this kind reach the culminating point of their repulsive proceedings when they receive recognition from some one or other, and such recognition may be obtained cheaply enough. It strikes us that when such unenergetic geniuses are lost, art is not much the worse off.

But it is not seldom that the masters, also, are found wanting. They are very often really pedants who neglect to give the pupil at the right time, at the fitting instant, a span of freedom, to let him, so to speak, take a breath of fresh air, when the atmosphere of the school has become somewhat oppressive. By the master's neglecting to take advantage of these opportunities, many an undoubtedly talented pupil has been gradually driven by his inward impulses into bye-ways, which, with mutual concessions, he would not have pursued. On the other hand, many teachers remain in a very narrow field—which we will call, without more ado, the field of counterpoint. Whatever lies without it is bad; any advance beyond Palestrina, Bach, or Handel, is a reprehensible innovation; nothing save what moves in the forms and according to the views of those composers is regarded as duly sanctioned. We are already acquainted with this peculiar class of teachers from the first part of the present article. We will merely now add that their pupils generally look down with immense self-conceit, and sovereign contempt, on every thing else. It is not astonishing that, from coming across such people, many a person grows tired of the study of music, as a dry, soulless occupation, and prefers limiting himself to his little bit of amateur talent, which produces him only cheap laurels, it is true, but laurels which are more quickly and abundantly gathered than the others.

In whatever light we look at the subject, everyone seeks in the study of art only that for which *he* cares; he wants to realize, at some future time, *his* ideas, and *his* dreams; and hence the principal aim of the present school is: to induce and, as far as possible, develop artistic individuality upon the basis of a general observance of musical rules. Complete independence of the pupil, and perfect consciousness of his own weaknesses and strong points are the objects the school must seek to attain; only independent artists, knowing and criticizing most sharply themselves, are real artists, or, as Lessing says, are worth as much again as they otherwise would be.

There is great danger for the teacher in his obtaining a really talented pupil. He is very apt to take things too easily with him. The pupil comprehends quickly and correctly; the course of instruction is more a breathless springing from step to step than an organic development of excellent capabilities; there is never any resting-spot, never any retirement of the pupil within himself. Arrogance and self-conceit easily take the place of scholarlike modesty, and drive before them industry and perseverance; whenever they make their appearance, all efforts are thrown away. In such cases the teacher's influence can seldom bring the pupil back to the right path and open his eyes. As a rule, every vestige of self-criticism has vanished, while self-inflation and self-adoration have taken its place. But in self-criticism, too, there may be for the teacher a great danger of another kind. It is very possible that pupils who have learnt to think and distinguish for themselves may, instead of becoming talented musicians, be educated into talented hair-splitters, who will never do anything as musicians, but, by everlastingly criticizing and picking holes in their own productions, gradually engender a profound doubt of themselves. In our opinion, such pupils are the worst off of any; the teachers have with them a greater responsibility than with any one else, for, in their case, from the fact of their making corrections in, and finicking with, their work, there follows doubt—from doubt, a feeling of want of talent—and then they have already commenced an existence really sacrificed.

Yes, the post of a teacher of the art of music is truly no easy one, and there are few masters who understand their task, in the full acceptance of the word, performing it faithfully and conscientiously. But they are the very ones who will confess we are right in directing attention to an evil which weighs heavily, very heavily, in the scale, and to which many of the facts discussed in the foregoing lines may be traced. We allude to the education—non-musical—frequently so exceedingly defective, which pupils possess when placed under their masters. The teacher of music is expected to educate his pupil into a thinking artist; though he must, of course, exercise him most in thinking musically, we ask whence, in the name of fortune are the thoughts to come, when both scholastic as well as social education has been neglected, and when the poor teacher has often to take the greatest trouble to be comprehended only by the human being in his pupil, to say nothing of the artist. As far as regards many pupils with whom we have had the honour of becoming acquainted, we have commiserated not art for their accession to it as members, but the teacher to whom had fallen the sad task of enabling these artistic lights to

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

display their brilliancy. Any master who really wishes to do his duty honourably, as regards his mission and as regards art, should always cry to the parents of such pupils: "Let the youths, as human beings, first seriously learn something at school, and then bring them back to me."

In such pupils it would probably be difficult to discover, or to develop, artistic individuality. They will be best off under masters who condemn individual development, and make their pupils indulge only in worn-out flourishes and antiquated tirades, which generally finish them.

Enough of this!

We finally repeat that every one desires to see only *his own* ideas and *his own* dreams realized, when he enters the temple of art, for the purpose of being received into the number of those who shall at some future time fill the priestly office. The principal aim of the present school is, therefore, to induce, and, as far as possible, develop, artistic individuality on the basis of a general observance of musical laws.

W. LACKOWITZ.

MDLLE. NILSSON IN BOSTON.

(From the "Boston Post.")

The Scandinavians of Boston and vicinity, with others, united last evening in tendering to Mdle. Nilsson a grand ovation upon her arrival in our city. As it was announced that the distinguished lady would in all probability arrive in Boston about 5 o'clock, a large number of people were gathered in and around the Boston and Albany depot, all anxious to catch a glimpse of the Swedish songstress.

About 5 o'clock the train rolled into the depot, and as might have been expected, a great rush was made for the cars, but owing to the admirable police arrangements, few, save the committee, were permitted to go within several feet of the car in which Mdle. Nilsson was. No demonstration took place in the depot, and soon after the arrival of the train Mdle. Nilsson, accompanied by one or two other ladies and the Chairman of the Committee of the Arrangements entered carriages and were taken to the Revere House. The apartments occupied by Mdle. Nilsson are on the west side of the building, and are the same ones as were used by Jenny Lind during her stay in Boston.

About the hour of 7 o'clock hundreds of people were gathered in the vicinity of Court and Tremont streets, all anxiously waiting to witness the grand demonstration which was announced to proceed from the Scandinavian headquarters on Hanover Street. As the various societies which were to compose the procession did not arrive until some time after 8 o'clock, the crowd naturally did not diminish, but kept rapidly increasing until there could not have been less than ten thousand people gathered in the above locality, and nearly the same number in the vicinity of the Revere House. At 9 o'clock, the Scandinavian Charitable Society, who intended to take part in the demonstration, assembled in front of their hall in Hanover Street, and with Chinese lanterns and transparencies, which bore mottoes of welcome to Christine Nilsson, the Scandinavian coat-of-arms, and the musical emblems, and shortly afterwards took up their line of march for the Revere House, under the Chief Marshalship of Chas. Thuline, Esq., assisted by eight other gentlemen.

Shortly before the arrival of the procession, Mdle. Nilsson appeared in the drawing-rooms, leaning upon the arm of G. Lootz, Esq., the acting Swedish Consul at this port. She was then formally introduced to a few ladies and gentlemen whose acquaintance she had previously formed in Europe. After which she took a seat at one of the windows and looked, evidently, with astonishment, at the multitude which had come to honour her.

Christine Nilsson is of medium height, with a full round face, large blue and expressive eyes, and that light or blonde hair which is so peculiar to her countrywomen, and is possessed of just such pleasing features as would naturally cause even her own sex to say that she was "really pretty." Her dress was dark blue satin, pointed, and trimmed with folds of velvet of the same hue. Her hair, which is as heretofore stated, was divested of all those superfluous additions which Dame Fashion compels the gentler sex to adorn themselves with—was simply done up in braids and puffs—and if ever the truth of the old saying, that "beauty unadorned is adorned the most," seemed true, it was when we beheld the simple, yet elegant manner in which her hair was arranged.

The procession having arrived at the Revere House and halted, the bands performed a few Swedish airs, after which a beautiful serenade was rendered by a picked choir of Nilsson's countrymen, which undoubtedly was greatly appreciated by her. At the conclusion of the singing, thirty young ladies entered the drawing-room and were formally introduced by Mr. Thuline, each of the young ladies presenting an elegant bouquet to Mdle. Nilsson. After the reception of the young ladies, the doors were open to all those who wished to enter and pay their respects to Christine. An address welcoming Mdle. Nilsson to Boston was delivered in the Swedish language by Mr. Lootz; and was replied to by the lady in a few words, the eyes seeming to convey words of hearty thanks which the lips could not utter. After these formalities had been concluded she stepped on to the balcony and was received by the thousands outside with intense and prolonged applause. After bowing her thanks

to the assembly, Mdle. Nilsson retired to her apartments, to seek the repose which she so much needed after the fatigues of the journey from New York and the exciting scenes of the day.

The procession then reformed and marched from the square through Mount Vernon, Charles, Park, Winter, Washington, and up School Street, and halted at the residence of Mayor Shurtleff, where a serenade was tendered that gentleman, after which the Chief Marshal explained in a few words to his Honour the cause of the demonstration. The Mayor returned his thanks to the throng, and expressed himself highly pleased with the doings of the pageant, and was delighted to know that all had been conducted with such a strict regard for the laws. Three cheers were then given by the assembly for the Mayor; after which the procession took the line of march for their headquarters, in Hanover Street, where it was dismissed, all greatly pleased with the event of the evening.

(From the "Boston Post," Nov. 2.)

The sale of tickets for the Nilsson concerts begun yesterday at the office in Music Hall, at 8 a.m. The crowd present at that hour was very large and urgent. Many took position in line as early as half-past nine o'clock Sunday evening. At the opening of the window the sensation was lively, and the season tickets were disposed of in speedy time. The fact that at 11 a.m. 10,000 dollars worth of tickets had been sold, is a fact to which comments will add no emphasis. Of course, speculators were present, but it is not believed they succeeded to any considerable extent in their purchases. In fact, the arrangements are sagaciously such as will hardly allow these virtues to fatten on the public. Mr. Strakosch and his able managers intend, if possible to give the public the fairest possible opportunity to procure tickets. It is pleasant to state that the sale yesterday was quiet, heavy, hopeful; and also fully equal to any city in which the great maiden of song has appeared. A considerable part of the house was taken up by the season purchasers. To-day the seats for single concerts are to be offered; and, of course, the balance will be absorbed in a lively manner. The desire of the public to witness Nilsson may be characterized as intense. Boston will award to her a greeting unsurpassed in any city in America, and she will sing to no more appreciative audiences. The evenings of the concerts are Friday and Saturday of this week, and Monday and Tuesday of next week, and the *matinee* on the afternoon of Saturday, the 12th of November. Mdle. Nilsson's assistants are Miss Annie Louise Cary, Signor Briguoli, Signor Verger, Mr. H. Vieuxtemps, an orchestra under the direction of Max. Maretzek, and Signor Bosoni as accompanist. At the opening concert, Mdle. Nilsson will sing "Angels ever bright and fair," from Handel's *Theodora*, and the mad scene from Ambroise Thomas's opera of *Hamlet*. It may be safely predicted that on Friday evening, Nilsson will sing to an audience that for numbers and appreciation she has not witnessed since reaching America. The tickets sold yesterday are our held by very best citizens.

MICHAEL MOSONYI.

This celebrated national Hungarian composer died at Pesth, after a fortnight's illness, aged 56, on the 31st October. He was born at Wieselburg, and was intended to be a printer. He was apprenticed as such in Pressburg. When a child, however, he received some slight instructions in music, to which art he afterwards devoted himself entirely. By indefatigable exertions, and a most energetic will, he obtained a high and lasting reputation as a composer among his countrymen. He confined himself mostly to works of a national character, and has left several operas of this nature, which were never published or performed. The Abbate Franz Liszt has sent Cornel Abranyi, the following letter on Mosonyi's death:—

"My dear friend Mosonyi's death has plunged my heart in grief. I regret him on account, also, of the music of Hungary, of which he was one of the noblest, most courageous, and worthiest representatives. We might feel proud of accompanying him step by step on the right road. His name, it is true, is not as well known and appreciated abroad as it deserves to be, but he did not trouble himself about this, and was not, perhaps, sufficiently interested in his own reputation, actuated as much by wisdom as by contempt for the dubious and common means necessary for establishing that reputation there, means which were repugnant to the high character of his mind. He felt what respect was due to him, and regarded as true fame only that achieved by a conscious perseverance in what is good and beautiful. Let us honour his memory, while striving to render fruitful his example, and the lesson he has taught us. Many of his compositions deserve to be more extensively and better known than they are; others—still in manuscript—especially his last great dramatic work, *Almos*, will, I hope, soon make their way far and wide. We will have some chat about them ere long in Pesth. To-day, I would merely share with a friend like you, my dear Abranyi, my sorrow at the loss we have sustained.—Yours, most truly, FR. LISZT, Szegszard, 2nd November."

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

The thirty-ninth season of this admirable institution, which has done as much for good music of the class to which its efforts are exclusively devoted (the highest class of all) as the Philharmonic Society, its senior by some 30 years, with Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven as pioneers, has done for purely orchestral music, commenced on Friday night, and drew together a densely thronged audience, in Exeter Hall, the only building—to the discredit (as has been frequently remarked) of the biggest, wealthiest, most populous, and by no means least musical capital city in the world—available in London for performances on so large a scale. The “nearly 700,” vocal and instrumental, were in their usual place; and, happily, Sir Michael Costa, who has been attached to the Sacred Harmonic Society ever since 1848, was in his. As he walked up the platform towards the conductor’s desk, the orchestral chief *par excellence* received an enthusiastic greeting.

The work selected for the occasion was *Judas Maccabæus*, Handel’s 12th English oratorio, which, though frequently described as “the Jewish Oratorio,” in consequence of its referring to the exploits of one of the mightiest of Israelite captains, was really composed—like Gluck’s Anglo-Italian opera, *La Caduta de’ Giganti* (the Fall of the Giants)—to celebrate the Duke of Cumberland’s victory over the Pretender, at the battle of Culloden, in 1746, and was first performed at Covent Garden in April 1747. After the *Messiah* and *Israel in Egypt*, without excepting even *Samson*, for which Handel is said to have entertained as great an esteem as for the great Christian musical epic itself, *Judas Maccabæus*, owing to reasons that have been frequently discussed and, therefore, need not be discussed again, is the most popular of those oratorios set to English texts, which he put forth, one after another, with such astonishing fecundity. It mattered little to Handel what were the literary pretensions of the words he had to set, providing only that the characters and incidents were such as to excite his vivid imagination; otherwise he would never have wedded to immortal music such absolute rubbish as was submitted to him, from him to time, by “the learned and Rev. Dr. Thomas Morell,” with others of that genus. But here we are trenching on well trodden ground. A word or two about a performance which was, in many respects, first-rate, is all that is essential.

To musicians, and to musical amateurs of acquirement, the great interest of *Judas Maccabæus*, as of other oratorios by Handel, is mainly centered in the choruses. In this department the score of *Judas* is marvellously rich. From “Mourn, ye afflicted children!” that touching elegy on the death of Mattathias, the Jewish hero’s father, with which the oratorio begins, to “Rejoice, O Judah!” its joyful and triumphal climax, the interest of the work may be said to be sustained without flagging, in spite of the now somewhat antiquated recitatives and the many not always very exciting airs and duets, in which the solo singers more or less complacently disport themselves. These choruses were almost uniformly well executed. Among them (but that they have been so often cited we might cite them nearly all) most prominently conspicuous were, “Hear us, O Lord!” at the termination of Part I.—which Mendel sohn has been twitted with having borne in mind while writing the noble chorus, “Oh, how great are the depths,” in *St. Paul*; “Fall’n is the Foe,” at the opening, and “We never will bow down,” at the conclusion of Part II., in grandeur and solemnity unsurpassed even by Handel—the first as unelaborately as the last is elaborately magnificent; “For Sion lamentation make,” and “Ah! wretched Israel!”—unequalled models of pathetic expression; “Tune your harp”—which, brief as it is, in jubilant spirit stands almost alone; and, last not least, the famous trio, semi-chorus, and full chorus, “See, the conquering hero comes”—which first appeared in *Joshua*—English oratorio, No. 14—a miracle of effect, wrought out of the simplest conceivable materials. These, one and all, were given with an emphasis and precision which left little, if indeed anything, to criticize. In fact, the choral singing of the Sacred Harmonic Society, to judge by the performance of Friday night, preserves its high standard, although here and there some insignificant shortcomings might have been pointed out.

The solo singing, if not altogether up to the mark of the choral singing, offered much to commend. Madame Vanzini (from the Royal

Italian Opera), upon whom devolved the chief soprano part, was rather nervous at the commencement; and this somewhat marred what would otherwise have been a very fair rendering of “From mighty kings;” but in Part III. she seemed to have recovered the unrestricted command of her resources; and by far her most effective display was in the florid air, “So shall the lute and harp awake,” which she gave with ready fluency and considerable point. Miss Vinta (a young Englishwoman, in spite of her assumed name), to whom the other soprano music was confided, made the most decided “hit” of the evening, in the exquisitely tuneful “Wise men flattering”—one of Handel’s last compositions, intended originally to be interpolated in his oratorio, *Belshazzar*. We could scarcely desire to hear this well-known air more gracefully and artistically delivered, and were not at all surprised at the unanimous applause with which it was greeted by the audience. Another marked and thoroughly merited success was obtained in the contralto air, “Father of Heaven” (Part III.), by Madame Patey-Whytock, whose singing was excellent all through, and who is rapidly attaining the highest place in her profession. That Mr. Vernon Rigby would give all his study to the florid air, “How vain is man,” and all his undaunted energy to “Sound an alarm,” might have been taken for granted by those who have watched the career of that zealous and rising tenor; and as easily will it be credited that Signor Foli would do all that was needed for the bass music—especially in the declamatory recitative and air, “Call forth thy powers.” Simon was the brother of Judas; and Signor Foli showed himself a worthy brother of Mr. Rigby—*arcades ambo*. In the little he had to sing, Mr. Montem Smith, as usual, proved himself a thoroughly well-trained musician.

The additional accompaniments on Friday night were those composed years ago by Sir Michael Costa, who has never conducted with more energy and at the same time with more of that unflinching judgment for which he is pre-eminently distinguished. Mr. James Coward presided, with his accustomed ability, at the organ. The hall, as we have hinted, was crowded in every part—inconveniently so, indeed.

The Sacred Harmonic Society, following suit with the Crystal Palace and Monday Popular Concerts, will give the *First Mass* and *Mount of Olives* on the 16th of December, the eve of Beethoven’s birthday. Of course, the Christmas performances of the *Messiah* occur in due order.

PRESENTATION TO MADAME SAINTON-DOLBY.

The members of the Alto Chorus of the Sacred Harmonic Society have presented Madame Sainton-Dolby with the following address, written on vellum, illuminated, and framed:—

“Presented to Madame Sainton-Dolby by the Alto Chorus of the Sacred Harmonic Society, in testimony of their admiration of her talents as an artist, their estimation of the virtues which distinguish her private life, and the regret which they feel at her retirement from the public exercise of a profession she has so greatly adorned during the many years of her connection with this Society.”

The deputation consisted of Miss Armstrong, Miss Libbie Cons, Mr. Husk, and Mr. F. W. Willcocks. Mr. Husk presented the testimonial, which was most artistically designed and executed by Miss Cons, with an appropriate speech, which was feelingly responded to by Madame Sainton-Dolby. We can well understand the emotion shown by Madame Sainton-Dolby at the spontaneous feeling which dictated the offer of this elegant gift from members of that society from whose public performances she has been so rarely absent, and which, we have reason to know, she regards with the greatest regard and affection.—*George Dolby’s Circular*.

THE MESSIAH.

Christmas is not yet within three weeks of us, but, Christmas performances of the “sacred oratorio” have already begun. The first took place in St. James’s Hall last Wednesday; Mr. Henry Leslie conducting, his magnificent choir rendering the choruses, and the solos receiving excellent treatment at the hands of Mdlle. Tietjens, Mdlle. Trebelli-Bettini, Mr. Nordblom, and Signor Foli. Particulars of the performance are unnecessary. Enough, that the audience (a large one), was thoroughly satisfied, and had good reason to be so.

LEIPZIG.—The members of Riedel’s Verein lately gave a performance of Beethoven’s *Missa Solemnis*.—Herr R. Wagner’s *Meisteringer* is to be produced at the Stadt-theatre very shortly.

THE ROSE MAIDEN.

Mr. Frederic H. Cowen's new cantata, *The Rose Maiden*, was produced at St. James's Hall on Wednesday last, with a result highly encouraging to the young composer. The work demonstrates that its author is as well able to command popular approval as, when the production of a symphony is in question, he shows himself competent to earn the respectful notice of connoisseurs. At the outset, however, we would caution Mr. Cowen against interpreting too favourably the applause showered upon him by his latest audience. Youth is apt to be sanguine and to think that little remains to do when but little has been achieved. Our youthful composer has begun well, but he has only begun. The subject of *The Rose Maiden* is taken from the German, and has been thus authoritatively set forth:

"The Queen of the Flower Fairies, weary of a life of unbroken calm, prays of the newly-returned Spring that he will bestow upon her also the gift of love that he bestows upon man. He warns her of the risk she runs, but finally yields to her entreaties by changing her, while she sleeps, into the form of a beautiful girl. Under the name of Roseblossom she wanders through the world to find the love that she seeks, and meets with a girl who, having been betrayed and deserted by her lover, loses her senses and dies broken-hearted. But, undeterred from her search, Roseblossom becomes the wife of a forester, with whom she lives for a time in such perfect happiness that she cannot survive his death. The elves bewail the fate of their Queen, and course love as fatal to peace and happiness."

The moral of this story is unchallengeable if not very pleasant; and the parable through which it is conveyed has the merit of combining fancy and grace in happy proportions. Whether the details of the latter adapt it for musical treatment is a question we will give the reader means to decide for himself by laying them before him as far as is necessary. The poem (adapted by Mr. R. E. Francillon) opens with a chorus, "Green vale and vine-clad mountain," descriptive of the earth in winter, after which the Flower Queen offers her prayer, "Oh! hear, thou king of beauty," to the returning Spring. In a recitative and duet the Spring warns her of the certain consequences attending the realization of her desire to love, but the entreaty is again renewed, and finally granted, in a recitative, "Lose, then, thy peace for ever." The two characters separate after a duet, "Soon as the mountain summits," Spring retiring from the scene for good. A narrator next takes up the story, relating how the change sought by the Flower Queen was effected, the appearance of the newly-created mortal being extolled in a chorus, "A maid more beautiful than May." After this another dramatic episode begins. Roseblossom bids a joyful farewell to her late kindred, "Bloom on, bloom on, my roses;" and a chorus, "Mid the waving rose trees," brings upon the scene a "gardener's daughter," who waits for the lover that will never come. Roseblossom accosts her and asks the cause of grief; but the "gardener's daughter" is demented, and replies in a scene of the sort to which *Hamlet*, *Lucia*, *Faust* and many another opera have contributed examples. The Flower Fairies then by means of a chorus, "O earth-born sorrow that is not ours," congratulate themselves on exemption from liability to such a fate, and a trio, "Hast thou wandered in the forest?" holds up nature as the remedy for restless and unsatisfied humanity. The narrator next tells in the air, "The sleep of even folds field and cot," how Roseblossom looks from her chamber window out into the night, waiting for the "coming man," who comes at last in the shape of a forester. The two sing a duet expressive of mutual pleasure; and we then learn how Roseblossom spends the night dreaming of the Forester, while the Forester gathers flowers for Roseblossom. The Fairies of the Flowers tell the latter in a chorus, "For kin we speak, fair sister," how much she is beloved; and another duet, "Yes I will be thy Rosebud," puts matter on the most satisfactory footing. A bridal chorus, "'Tis thy wedding morning," follows, after which an elaborate solo, "Where gloomy pine-trees rustle," draws a contrast between the peace of the Forester's cottage and the turmoil of nature. Then comes the narrator with a sad story. The husband is killed in the woods by an outlaw's gun, the wife dies of a broken heart and her old elfin companions strew green garlands over her grave singing in chorus "Farewell, sleep thou lightly." A solo and chorus, "Yea, e'en as die the roses," bring the work to an end, and "improve the occasion" by declaring that God's roses would be too lovely "were they without a thorn."

It will be gathered from these particulars that the book is a mixture of drama and narrative, with but one character—that of "Roseblossom"—adapted to excite any interest. Round that central figure others come and go like shadows, none staying long enough to draw forth our sympathy. Roseblossom, however, is adequate to the responsibility cast upon her, and engages so much attention that we care little for anything else. The main fault of the libretto, as we think, is that it wants, not variety, but contrast. Variety, as need scarcely be said, is abundant, both scenes and characters constantly shifting, but the colour is too uniform; and we long for something to break its placid monotony. Hence the satisfaction given by the scene of the "Gardener's daughter,"

the wedding chorus, and the descriptive solo, "Where gloomy pine-trees rustle." We will not describe these as oases in a desert, because the surroundings are far from repulsive, rather are they pleasant hills breaking the dead level of a fertile plain. The scope of the libretto being thus limited, it will be understood that Mr. Cowen had no easy task before him when he essayed to clothe it in a musical dress. That he has succeeded far enough to sustain the attention of an audience from beginning to end is a result upon which he may be congratulated.

Those who have heard Mr. Cowen's symphony in C minor will be ready to assume that he shines most in the orchestral department of his cantata. Such is the fact, at all events. The accompaniments to both songs and choruses are tasteful, fertile in device, and charmingly scored. Mr. Cowen fills in his pages with a liberal hand, but, one or two cases excepted, he never confuses or overloads, while the right effect is invariably presented in a manner which forces one to observe that it is the right effect. The cantata is full of examples worthy to be quoted did space permit. We must, however, be content to put the fact on record, as indicating pretty forcibly where lies one element of Mr. Cowen's strength. Similar evidence is supplied by the many passages where Mr. Cowen gets the orchestra alone, and works it with a freedom and power indicative of no ordinary ability. In this department of the cantata are several proofs of careful design which ought not to be passed over. The melody of the introduction, for example, is made use of as suggesting the evil mixed with the good to which the Flower Queen aspired. It re-appears when the "gardener's daughter" sings her melancholy song of fancied joy; is again heard while Roseblossom dreams of her lover, and yet again when the elves chant their farewell over the grave. The effect, in each case, is all that can be desired. Another happy use of repetition occurs in the air which describes the grief of Roseblossom at the sight of her dead husband. The theme of an *Andante* sung by the "gardener's daughter" being employed with felicitous propriety as an *obligato* accompaniment for the first violin. These, and other points of a like character, are worthy of note and encouragement. In writing his airs Mr. Cowen has been content to follow ordinary models, both in rhythm and subject, carefully avoiding anything new and startling. Indeed, we cannot but think either that the young composer shrank from giving his invention full liberty, or that he deliberately sought to please the popular taste in the readiest way. If the latter was the case, Mr. Cowen's object has undoubtedly been secured; anyhow, it remains for us to hope that some future work will exhibit in full the composer's unquestionable inventiveness. The choruses, like the airs, are studiously kept down to a certain level of simplicity and effect; but, also like the airs, they are pleasing so far as they go. We may instance as among the best, "Green vale, and vine-clad mountain," the marriage chorus, "Bridal bells are ringing;" and that of the elves, "Farewell, sleep thou lightly." On the whole, the cantata is most noteworthy for the happy use made in it of the orchestra; while as a work adapted for popularity it must be considered a decided success.

Little space is left in which to describe the performance. The soloists, Mdle. Tietjens, Madame Patey, Mr. Norblom, and Herr Stockhausen, did more or less (the ladies more rather than less) justice to their parts; the orchestra was excellent, but the chorus left somewhat to desire. Mr. Cowen conducted in person, and was warmly applauded both before and after the performance. THADDEUS EGG.

LONDON GREGORIAN CHORAL ASSOCIATION.

STR.—I shall be obliged if you will allow me to lay before your readers a short account of the adjourned meeting at 11, Bury Street, on Wednesday evening last. The meeting was not very largely attended, but we trust, as the Association has now been started, Churchmen will not fail to send in their names, both as honorary and working members. The choir represented at the meeting included those of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge; St. Paul's, Lorrimer; St. Lawrence, Jewry; St. Augustine's, South Kensington; St. James's, Hat-cham; St. Mark's, Lewisham; St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate; St. Michael and All Angel's Mission, Stepney, with others.

The objects of the Association are to promote strictly the study of Gregorian Church music, by holding meetings wherever practicable, and in so doing be the means of drawing together, in a closer bond of union, all those who rejoice to hear and use the old tones as in bygone days. We have purposely laid aside the idea of this being an expensive society, in order to obtain a large number of members of both classes, active and honorary. I shall be glad to receive the names of any desiring to join us, or to answer any questions. I am, yours faithfully, WILLIAM L. LAYDER, Hon. Sec. *pro tem*.

7 Gloster Grove West, Hereford Square, S. W.

BRUSSELS.—Mdme. Miolan-Carvalho has appeared as Marguerite, in M. Gounod's *Faust*, at the Théâtre de la Monnaie.

COLOGNE.—Handel's *Judas Maccabæus* was performed at the second Gürzenich Concert.

BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL CHORAL SOCIETY.

(From an occasional Correspondent.)

What with casual concerts, the Triennial Festival, and the Italian Opera, Birmingham has so largely discounted the opportunities of her regular musical season that up to a few days since the prospects of her accustomed purveyors of musical entertainment looked anything but cheerful. The Festival Choral Society, in particular, had already reaped such abundant laurels in connection with the great musical event of the year, that it seemed impossible their regular harvest should not fall short. Happily, the public capacity for good music is not a very arbitrary measure, and the large and high class attendance at the opening concert of the Festival Choral Society's new season, which took place in the Town Hall, on Thursday week, shows that Birmingham music-lovers are resolved not to let their autumn indulgence seriously curtail their winter enjoyments.

The programme was of a composite character, comprising Mr. J. F. Barnett's *Paradise and the Peri* (which achieved such a decided popular success at the last Birmingham Festival), with Mendelssohn's *Loreley* and *First Walpurgis Night*. The executive resources consisted of the band and chorus of the society—over 300 strong—under the conduct of Mr. Stockley, with Madame Vanzini, Madame Patey, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Signor Foli as vocal principals. Mr. Stimpson, as usual, was the organist. Mr. Barnett's cantata was so fully noticed in the *Musical World* on the occasion of its first production that it would be superfluous to expatiate on its merits, which, indeed, lie sufficiently near the surface for all who hear to appreciate. And there is even less need to describe such established classics as the lyric fragment which followed Mr. Barnett's work and the cantata which Mendelssohn built upon Goethe's legendary poem.

Although the Festival performance of *Paradise and the Peri* was in some respects more perfect than that of Thursday week, when the choral and orchestral resources were necessarily on a more limited scale, it may be fairly doubted if Mr. Barnett's music was heard to such advantage on the first as on the second occasion. Its light and simple graces are not so well adapted to a large orchestral combination as music of a stronger texture. The principal vocal part devolved on Madame Vanzini, whose sweet, fresh, flexible, brilliant voice, graceful and engaging manners, and unflagging spirit seem to be exactly adapted to Mr. Barnett's conception of the *Peri*, and her success was unequivocal. Nothing could be finer in feeling or more finished in execution than Madame Vanzini's singing of the air, "Sleep, said the *Peri*," in which the spirit apostrophizes the dead form of the devoted maiden who sacrificed her life to love. In the duet for soprano and tenor, with chorus, "Oh, let me only breathe the air," Madame Vanzini produced an equal effect; but her crowning effort was in the *finale*, "Joy, joy for ever," in which she earned enthusiastic applause. Madame Patey, as "the Holy Angel who was keeping the Gates of Light," sang with her wonted earnestness, and even more than her accustomed power and beauty of voice, especially excelling in the *arietta*, "Nymph of a fair but erring line." Mr. Vernon Rigby, in the principal tenor part, was wanting neither in spirit nor voice. His singing of the air, "Oh, if there be on this earthly sphere," was not less remarkable for refinement than for vocal charm, and its success in proportion. Signor Foli gave the principal bass music, and, especially, the air, "Blest tears of soul-felt penitence," in such a manner as to win him flattering applause. The unaccompanied quartet, "She wept," was encored—the only piece which won this distinction, though many deserved it. The band, while vastly improved, is still wanting in precision. The chorus, as may be supposed, was thoroughly at home.

In the *finale* to *Loreley*, Madame Vanzini, as Leonora, excited the genuine enthusiasm of her hearers. The choral and instrumental parts were admirably rendered; and the instrumental passages were executed with remarkable spirit. In the *finale*, when Leonora casts her wedding-ring into the Rhine, Madame Vanzini displayed a fervour which fairly electrified the audience, who twice recalled her to the platform. So marked, indeed was her success, that the committee lost no time in securing her services for the *Messiah*, which is to be given on the 26th inst.

About the *Walpurgis Night*, which brought the entertainment to an end, it is only necessary to say that the principals were Madame Patey, Mr. Vernon Rigby, and Signor Foli, all of whom acquitted themselves with great skill and spirit. The band and chorus, under Mr. Stockley's direction, left little to be desired.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

There is little to say of the concert on behalf of the French Refugee Fund, which took place on the 24th ult. A number of excellent artists appeared, among them M^{me}. Viardot Garcia, M^{me}. Colderon, Miss Megan Watts, M. Faure, Mr. Nordblom, M. Hammer, Mr. Charles Gounod, Signor Bettini, and Mr. Benedict. The programme contained a somewhat curious mixture of classical and popular works, all of which were more or less well performed, and more or less well received.

VIENNA.—M. Offenbach has arrived, with the intention of making a prolonged stay.—The programme at the first Philharmonic Concert obtained: Overture to *Blonder Eckbert*, Rudorff; Beethoven's Concerto in G major (Herr Epstein); Overture to *Euryanthe* (Weber); and E Flat major Symphony, Schumann.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The following programme was gone through in a satisfactory manner at the students' concert, given on Thursday evening, the 24th ult.:

Trio, "The Glow-worm" (H. Smart), Miss Pocklington, Miss Fanny Williams, and Miss Etherington; Capriccio, in F, Op. 34, pianoforte (Clementi), Miss Jessie Lee; Air, "Honour and arms," *Samson* (Handel), Mr. Inall; Allegro Moderato, from sonata in A flat, Op. 39, pianoforte (Weber), Miss Salmon; Duet, "Saper vorrei se m'ami" (Haydn), Miss Frith and Miss Goode; Fantasia, in C, pianoforte (Schnbert), Mr. Docker; Song, "The Charmer," Frühlingslied (Mendelssohn), Miss Maudsley, Westmorland scholar; Sonata, in D, for two pianofortes (Mozart), Miss C. Gardner and Miss Burleigh; Glee, "Nymphs of the Forest" (Horsley), Mr. Perry, Mr. Howells, Mr. Shakespeare, and Mr. Parry; Prelude and Fugue, in G, pianoforte (J. S. Bach), Mr. Beazley; Aria, "Lento il piè" (Mozart), Miss Rebecca Jewell; Allegro Brillante, for two performers on the pianoforte (Mendelssohn), Miss Newman and Miss Taylor; Aria, "Evening song" (Abend-Empfindung) (Mozart), Miss Pocklington; Allegro grazioso in E, No. 2 from a set of six studies (W. S. Bennett), Allegretto, in D flat, No. 2, from Pezzi di Bravura (Cipriani Potter), Canzonet, in A flat, "Welcome" (G. A. Macfarren), M^{lle}. Déprez; Duet, "Zuleika and Hassan" (Mendelssohn), Miss Lambert and Mr. Guy; Allegro con Fuoco (Volkslied), No. 5, Book 4, and Allegro Grazioso, No. 6, Book 5, Lieder ohne Worte (Mendelssohn), Miss Bath; Madrigal, "In pride of May" (Weelkes, 1608). Accompanists, Miss Bainsfather and Mr. Kemp.

The next public rehearsal is announced for Tuesday morning, December 13, when the first and second parts of J. S. Bach's *Christmas Oratorio* is to be performed for the first time in this country.

THE ROYAL EDITION OF OPERAS.

(From the "Pall Mall Gazette.")

Under this title Messrs. Boosey & Co. have projected a new edition, at an uncommonly reasonable price, of those operas, ancient and modern, which are chiefly indebted for their popularity to the Italian lyric stage. Two out of a list of some fifty operas, announced as in preparation, to be brought out at intervals of a fortnight, are before us. The form is not merely convenient for general purposes, but such as to render the edition available for theatres, and especially serviceable to those who may be de-irous of knowing more about what they are listening to than can be gathered from a programme supplied with musical examples. It has for some time become a habit among amateurs to follow the performances of symphonies, overtures, quartets, sonatas, &c., score in hand; and that the appreciation is materially assisted, perhaps also the enjoyment enhanced, by such adventitious aid, is scarcely to be doubted. Cheap hand-book oratorios have long been in use, and their influence is unquestionably for good. We can see no reason why operas, the most generally popular of all musical entertainments, should not be equally benefited by similar means. At all events the "Royal Edition of Operas" is calculated to supply the want. The disposition of each work is for voices, with pianoforte accompaniment, which, it will be readily understood, is more convenient, not alone because more portable, but because easier to read, than a full orchestral score. That the arrangements may be depended upon for scrupulous exactness, the name of the editor, Mr. Arthur Sullivan, and that of his associate, Mr. Josiah Pittman, are a sufficient warrant. These gentlemen are to superintend the entire edition. The operas already published are *Don Giovanni* and *Fidelio*. The *Barbiere di Siviglia* and the *Sonnambula* are next on hand.

ST. PETERSBURGH.—At the Russian Operahouse, the first opera of a young composer, by name Affanasieff, is in rehearsal; the same is true of Meyerbeer's *Prophète*, with M^{lle}. Lwrowsky as Fides.—At the Italian Opera, the artists newly engaged for this season have appeared in due course, but only two, M^{me}. Siss and Signor Corsi, have produced anything like a favourable impression.

SALZBURG.—The first concert of the Mozarteum was highly successful. The band fully sustained its reputation as one of the best in Germany, and, under the conductorship of Herr Bach, performed in brilliant style Mendelssohn's overture, *Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt*. M^{lle}. Riegin played Beethoven's Pianoforte Concerto in E flat major. Herr Staroschek, a member of the band, played C. M. von Weber's Clarinet Concerto; and Herr Sevek Paganini's Adagio and "Glückchenrondo." The vocalist was M^{lle}. Trouil.

BREAKFAST.—EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—The very agreeable character of this preparation has rendered it a general favourite. The *Veil Service Gazette* remarks:—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills." Each packet is labelled JAMES EPPS & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists, London. Also makers of Epps's Cocoa, a very thin evening beverage.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

THIRTEENTH SEASON, 1870-71.

DIRECTOR—MR. S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE BEETHOVEN CONCERTS.

THE present year being the Centennial Anniversary of the birth of Beethoven, the Director has thought that it would be a fitting tribute of respect to the memory of that immortal genius to confine the programmes before Christmas exclusively to Selections from his Instrumental and Vocal Works. Every concert, until the end of the year, will therefore be a Beethoven Concert. In the course of the series, the Six Quartets, Op. 18; the Three Quartets (*Rasoumowsky*), Op. 59; the Quartet, No. 10 (E flat); the Five Trios for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello; and as many of the Sonatas for Pianoforte and Violin, Pianoforte and Violoncello, and Pianoforte alone, as can be comprised within the limits of eight programmes, will be given. The Vocal Music will in all instances be selected from the Chamber Songs, with Pianoforte Accompaniment.

PROGRAMME OF FOURTH CONCERT.

MONDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 5TH, 1870.

To Commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

PART I.

- QUINTET, in C major, Op. 29, for two Violins, two Violas, and Violoncello—MM. STRAUS, L. RIES, ZERNINI, HANS, and PIATTI Beethoven.
 SONGS, { "Ich li-be dich" Beethoven.
 { "Mit einem gemahlten Baed" Beethoven.
 { "Kennst du das Land" Beethoven.
 PASTORAL SONATA, in D major, Op. 28, for Pianoforte alone—
 Madame ARABELLA GODDARD Beethoven.

PART II.

- SONATA, in G minor, Op. 5, No. 2, for Pianoforte and Violoncello—
 Madame ARABELLA GODDARD and Signor PIATTI Beethoven.
 SCOTCH SONGS, { "The Mail of Inverness," Beethoven.
 { "The sweetest lad was Jamie," Beethoven.
 With Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello Accompaniments by
 HERR STOCKHAUSEN, accompanied by MM. ZERNINI, STRAUS, and PIATTI.
 TRIO, in G major, Op. 1, No. 2, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello—
 Madame ARABELLA GODDARD, MM. STRAUS, and PIATTI Beethoven.
 Conductor Mr. BENEDICT.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

THE FIFTH CONCERT OF THE THIRTEENTH SEASON

WILL TAKE PLACE ON

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, DEC. 10th, 1870.

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

- QUARTET, in F major, Op. 59, No. 1, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—MM. STRAUS, L. RIES, ZERNINI, and PIATTI Beethoven.
 SONGS, { "Das Blüthen Wunderhob" Beethoven.
 { "Marmotte" Beethoven.
 { "Mallied" Beethoven.
 SONATA, in G major, Op. 29, for Pianoforte alone—Madame
 ARABELLA GODDARD Beethoven.
 SONGS, { "Faithful Johnnie," Beethoven.
 { "The sweetest lad was Jamie," Beethoven.
 With Accompaniments by
 HERR STOCKHAUSEN.
 TRIO, in C minor, Op. 1, No. 3, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello—
 Madame ARABELLA GODDARD, MM. STRAUS and PIATTI Beethoven.
 Conductor Mr. BENEDICT.

Box Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets to be obtained of Mr. Austin, 23, Piccadilly; Keith, Prowse, & Co., 48, Chapside; Hays, Royal Exchange Buildings; R. W. Olivier, 19, Old Bond Street; and of Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street.

N.B.—The Entrance to the Orchestra will, in future, be by the door in Piccadilly Place only.

DEATHS.

On the 27th ult., at his residence, 82 Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park, ADOLFO ANGELICO GOTOFREDO FERRARI, aged 63.

On the 28th ult., Mr. MILLS, Music Publisher, of New Bond Street, —aged 72.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DR. THIN is right in one instance, but wrong in the other. He is right in saying that the *Sonata Melancholique* of the late Herr Morcheles is the key of F sharp minor, but wrong in saying that it was written in four movements. There was never but the one movement which is published in the German edition. It is a long movement, as Dr. Thin must know if he has tried it over; and no doubt the complete sonata was thus conceived by the revered master.

SNORR THE GOBBLER.—In one respect our correspondent is not quite incorrect; but he has overlooked the fact that Haydn outlived Mozart many years, and that Mozart never heard the *Creation*. Beethoven did, it is true; but Beethoven was not the composer of *Don Giovanni*, and had nothing whatever to do with the *Requiem*. So much for "Snorr the Gobbler."

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyl Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1870.

DEFEAT OF MR. CHORLEY.

THE controversy between the author of the libretto of *St. Peter* (unsettable version) and the composer of that oratorio has ended. Mr. Chorley fired his last shot in the *Athenæum* of Saturday fortnight, and declared that nothing should ever make him discharge another. Mr. Benedict retorted in the *Athenæum* of Saturday week, and, having no longer an opponent, perforce sheathed his sword; but with a significant intimation that if Mr. Chorley wants more fighting at any future time he can have it. As the contingency is not likely to arise, we may consider the matter ended, and take a final retrospect before consigning it to the limbo of forgotten feuds.

That Mr. Chorley has been beaten at all points is the first impression made by a review of the controversy. We are not a bit surprised at the result, seeing that it was foreknown to all acquainted with the facts of the case. Neither are we pained one tittle, seeing that justice is satisfied. Mr. Chorley, who must have read his Bible when concocting Biblical libretti, ought to have remembered the hypothetical king who, making war with ten thousand men, had to meet an enemy furnished with twenty thousand. The veteran journalist was even worse off than that unhappy monarch. He waged war with fancies against facts, and the facts have beaten him. He made a public matter of a private (and imaginary) grievance, and has been "hoist with his own petard." He entered upon the struggle with the arrogant confidence of one who discounts victory, and has rushed into the arms of defeat. In the name of Justice, who would have it otherwise?

We advise our readers to contrast Mr. Chorley's first letter to the *Athenæum* with his last, and mark the difference. In one the writer appears as a deeply injured man, the victim of an unscrupulous colleague's ill-treatment. In the other he is seen trying to defend wrongful assumptions, and wriggling out of false positions, with but slight chance of success. One after another the props upon which he originally rested his case have been knocked away, by the evidence brought forward in Mr. Benedict's calm and gentlemanly letters; and now, the whole card-fabric lies in the mud, even the builder washing his hands and leaving it there, as too much soiled for further mani-

pulation. Rarely has the right, when challenged by the wrong, more thoroughly vindicated itself.

We will not tire the reader by going over once more all the points of a controversy so miserable in its origin and object; but there are certain conclusions which, as the absolute facts evolved out of much fuss and pother, ought to be stated.

I. Mr. Benedict bought and paid for Mr. Chorley's libretto, twelve years ago.

II. Mr. Benedict was not satisfied with the book.

III. Mr. Chorley's version of *St. Peter* was not accepted by the Birmingham Committee; nor was it, on Mr. Chorley's recommendation, entrusted to Mr. Benedict to compose.

IV. Mr. Chorley refused to make certain alterations desired by the composer. These facts established, there is an end of Mr. Chorley as far as concerns the controversy.

Everybody remembers the hero of Chevy Chase, respecting whom it is said:—

"For Witherington I needs must wail,
As one in doleful dumps,
For when his legs were smitten off
He fought upon his stumps."

Mr. Chorley has not even the resource of the unfortunate Border warrior. Not a stump remains to him; and the sword drawn, as by a fore-ordained conqueror, is sheathed in impotence.

If we refer to the matter of the disputed £25, it is only to express surprise that the Editor of the *Athenæum*, naturally anxious to help out an old contributor, should have laid stress on the fact that a cheque, payable to bearer, was not endorsed by Mr. Chorley. The evidence is worth absolutely nothing, because, as is everywhere known (save at the *Athenæum* office), cheques payable to bearer require no endorsement; while the insinuation of the Editor, to use the words of a contemporary, is "insufferable," and has since been energetically repelled.

One word more. Mr. Chorley, having unnecessarily dragged Sir M. Costa and the late Charles Dickens into the controversy, has finished by taking a greater name in vain. He must needs tell us of Mendelssohn—of "original studies," with a view to supplying the illustrious composer with a libretto; and of a journey to Interlaken, with the "original studies" in his pocket. On first reading this, we partially reconciled ourselves to the master's death, because it seemed as though he had actually been "taken from the evil to come." Second thoughts, however, brought a change. We remembered that the composer of *Elijah* was fastidious; and, therefore, safe.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

MR. ARTHUR CHAPPELL, by his preserving efforts, seems at length to have taught a vast section of the public that there is one pleasure to be found in a largely-developed instrumental piece of what is termed "classical music," which cannot be derived from brief effusions, however great their attractions of melody or harmony. It is the charm of the sonata, or quartet, for instance, as a whole, wherein we recognize constant variety, emanating from one fertile conception, which the patrons of the Monday Popular Concerts are now beginning to appreciate at its just value. They are evidently interested by the symmetry and coherence of the various subordinate forms, employed as subtle servitors to one great plan, in the master-pieces of chamber music; they look with confident pleasure to the recurrence of certain themes or phrases, and expectantly await with curiosity some novel treatment of ideas already heard and admired. Here, then, is a thoroughly musical audience; and we need scarcely dwell upon the inevitable inference, that executants must feel more at home, and consequently perform with greater abandon and enjoyment,

when moved by such magnetic sympathy, and cheered by such responsive geniality.

The last concert was no exception to the rule. Indeed, it may be described rather as additional evidence of the rule's absoluteness; for not only was the programme thoroughly "classical," consisting exclusively of works by Beethoven, but there was likewise a thronged attendance; and, *mirabile dictu*—despite the weather,—which might reasonably have been expected to damp the "genial ardour" of anybody's soul—audience no less than executants—seemed to enjoy the performances—particularly remarkable features in which were the magnificent playing of Madame Goddard of Beethoven's Sonata in A flat (Op. 26), the last movement of which, rendered to absolute perfection, was unanimously encored, and the scarcely less irreproachable performance of the Sonata in A minor, for pianoforte and violin, by the same lady, associated with Madame Neruda.

Let those who suppose music to be a mere meaningless exhibition of emotion, who fancy that human beings sing and play as boys are said to whistle, "for want of thought," visit the Monday Popular Concerts, and learn that music in its loftiest manifestations is animated by the same spirit and regulated by the same principles which vivify and govern all intellectual exhibitions of art; that it has power to awaken the noblest feelings, to sound the very depths of the human heart, with tones of adoration, heroism, joy, grief, love, or despair, and is amenable to all those laws of form and symmetrical design which alone render the greatest triumphs of the poet, painter, and sculptor, classical. Is it too much to say that the soul is moved, the senses flattered, imagination and fancy excited, and reason gratified by these productions of the greatest composers where art and science are so happily commingled?

And if those who "came to scoff," or, perhaps, to sleep, on the comfortable St. James's Hall sofas, have gradually been awakened to the consciousness of a new enjoyment, and led to respect as well as admire the authors of those masterpieces to which Mr. Arthur Chappell devotes his programmes, has not a great deal been gained for the social and artistic status of musicians in this country, and even more for the taste and sentiment of a public still, perhaps, a trifle too incredulous respecting the psychological influences of polyhymnia's art? B. E. E.

ADOLFO FERRARI.

One of the most highly esteemed members of the musical profession has passed away from among us. Signor Ferrari died on Sunday afternoon, at the age of sixty-three. No one who had the pleasure and advantage of knowing him will hear this intelligence without deep regret. Few among our resident professors were so universally popular as Signor Ferrari, his buoyant and joyous nature winning him friends in every circle. Signor Ferrari was a member of the Philharmonic Society (of which he was frequently elected director), and also of the Royal Society of Musicians. As a professor of singing he occupied the first rank. No class at the Royal Academy of Music was more sought for than his; and, as a mark of respect to his memory, the directors closed the doors of that institution yesterday—the day appointed for the funeral, at which most of them were anxious to be present. In Signor Ferrari the profession has lost an earnest, able, and hard-working member, and society an honest and true-hearted man.

THE Beethoven pieces at the Crystal Palace concert of to-day are the Overture to *Egmont*; the Pianoforte Concerto, No. 1 (in C), to be played by Herr Pauer; the Symphony No. 8 (in F); and the "Liederkreis," to be sung by Mr. Sims Reeves.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

GREAT are the amenities of New York musical journalism, for proof of which we take the following extract out of *Watson's Art Journal*:—

"Jerry Popkins' (by changing the first letter of this patronymic we get the name of a well known organist and professor), the penny whistler and the prize fraud upon the musical public, is a member of the Lotus Club; but how he came to be admitted among gentlemen is something to be wondered at. Still, he is there, although he is very carefully avoided, as one would avoid anything nasty that lies in the path. True to his dirty instincts, he is just that bird which 'fouls its own nest,' for he devotes the greater part of the Five Points sheet he publishes to libelling the members of the Lotus brotherhood. Jeremy Didler Popkins—especially Didler in an Orpheus sense—is unfit to associate with gentlemen; and his persistent and gross attacks upon its members, are sufficient cause for the Lotus Club to expel him the body. If they have a care for their reputation they will do so promptly."

THE able and intelligent Berlin correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* makes the following reference to Herr Joachim, in one of his recent letters:—

"Herr Joachim has resigned his position of Professor here. In all musical circles in Berlin the most profound regret is expressed at this resolution. Herr Joachim has devoted himself heart and soul to his task, and has in the short time during which he has fulfilled the duties of Professor encouraged to a marvellous extent the cultivation of the art of which he is the greatest living exponent. His exertions have been thoroughly and very generally appreciated—hence the demonstration made at a quartet concert, two days ago, in token of the universal approval of Professor Joachim, and of the universal sorrow caused by his resignation. There are many in England who will not share in that sorrow, for there are many who think he is better employed in himself interpreting Beethoven than in teaching the best interpretation to others less gifted. Herr Joachim is to go to Russia at the beginning of next year for some six weeks, and at the end of that time he will again be heard at your admirable Monday Popular Concerts."

THE Association for Sacred Music at St. Karl's, Vienna, celebrated its forty-fifth anniversary on Sunday, the 20th of November, when they performed, in memory of L. van Beethoven, that composer's Mass in C. One Sunday in 1826, Beethoven, accompanied by Herr Graf, the pianoforte maker, came into the choir at St. Karl's during high mass. The "regens chori" was the present director of the choir, Herr T. Rupprecht, who bowed to his illustrious visitor, directly he perceived him. A message was sent to Herr Rupprecht, saying that Beethoven wished to speak with him. When mass was over, Beethoven, Graf, and Rupprecht walked down by the Technikergebäude, and Beethoven asked Rupprecht to give him the Latin words of the "Te Deum," and mark the places where the tempo is changed, as, for example, at "Salvum fac Regem." Beethoven said he intended composing a grand "Te Deum," to be performed in the Augustiner Church, and at the passages marked, a cannon was always to be discharged on the glacis. Rupprecht complied with Beethoven's wish in the course of the same day. Beethoven never carried out his intention, however, as he died in 1827; it is not known whether he ever even begun the "Te Deum."

THE nuisance of organ grinding has again evoked letters from sufferers, and one has written to say that he has been threatened with assassination for interference. The grievance is intensified at this time of year, organists having returned from sea-side tours renovated for a winter campaign. There has been, also, an addition to our tormentors in the Italian bagpipe blowers, who make more aggravating music than their brethren, the Scotch. In brigand costume these parade under our windows, discharging discords that jarr every nerve, and expel every thought, leaving in the mind a craving for vengeance. The organs are constructed of more powerful qualities, in order to compel surrender from an unwilling listener in a more peremptory style than usual. Let people, vexed beyond endurance, strictly forbid servants to encourage the performers. Domesticity is in the habit of humming and dancing to the organs, and while the master is waiving off the Savoyard from the parlour, Mary Jane is ogling him from the area, or smiling at him from nursery windows. It seems

hard that restrictions should be placed upon strollers, with their booths, while vagabonds, with organs and bagpipes, are permitted to distract us. It is hard to refer to this matter without a smile, but the subject has a serious aspect demanding as much attention as the licensing of theatrical go-carts.

AMONG the papers of a well-known historian, lately deceased, there has been found, at Schwerin, a thickish broad octavo manuscript volume, in good condition, with Latin and German hymns set to music, and presented by the first celebrated Saxon *Capellmeister*, Johann Walther, in 1530, to his friend, Martin Luther. This fact is proved, beyond a doubt, by a memorandum, in the great Reformer's own hand, and the orthography of the time, on the title page. The memorandum runs as follows:—"Hat myr verehret meyn guter Freind Herr Johann Walther Componist Musica zu Torgaw, 1530. Dem Gott gnade.—Martinus Luther." ("Presented to me by my good friend, Herr Johann Walther, musical composer, Torgau, 1530, for whom may God have grace.—Martinus Luther.") The present owner of this manuscript treasure has submitted it to Herr Kade, musical director, with a view to its publication. Among the hymns contained in the collection are the two great features of the Lutheran hymn book, "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott," and "Vater unser im Himmelreich."

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

THE Metropolitan Lecture Hall was crowded on the 24th ult., at a grand evening concert given by Mr. Howard (pupil of Mr. Bishenden). The programme was gone through in a highly satisfactory manner, the principal vocalists being Miss Nellie Kean, Miss Nora Somerville, and Mdlle. Vernon (another pupil of Mr. Bishenden), Messrs Kentchen, Turner, Howard, and C. J. Bishenden, bass; Herr Waldkirch, Boylance, and Mdlle. V. Nahrantz assisted at the pianoforte. Mr. Bishenden was encored three times in the "Marseillaise," and twice in a French war song. The other artists were effective in their respective solos.

A CONCERT was given at the Greyhound Hotel, Richmond, on Tuesday, before an audience of nearly 500. Mr. B. Mansell Ramsey conducted, and the artists performed their parts with credit. Amongst them were Mdlle. Emile Blanche, Miss Rosaline Stuart, Messrs F. Childerstone and Reeves, vocalists; and Mr. Ellis Roberts, harpist. The assembly room has seldom been the scene of more hearty applause than that which greeted the performances of the solo pianist, Miss Amy Weddle, who gave Kontski's *Souvenir de Faust*, and Wille Pape's *Irish Diamonds*.

COLLEGE OF MUSICIANS, SHAFTESBURY HALL, CITY.—The first of a series of chamber concerts was given on November 26th. Hummel's trio, in E flat, and Beethoven's trio, in G, each for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, were excellently rendered by Messrs. Alfred Carder, Meriton, and Goodwin. Mr. Goodwin also played Gounod's "Meditation." "Crudel perche" (*Nozze di Figaro*), was sung by Miss M. St. Aubyn and Mr. E. Carder, and encored, as was Kücken's song, "Day's brightest splendour," sung by Miss Cole. Miss Amy Linnington, Messrs. Albert James and E. Carder, sang several solos. Some part-songs, including Mendelssohn's "Awake the starry midnight hour," Pissuti's "In this hour of softened splendour," Hatton's "The Indian Maid," &c., were well rendered by a select choir under the conductorship of Mr. Alfred Carder.

THE ALHAMBRA.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

SIR,—A statement having had publicity given to it by several influential journals to the effect that the performance of the Hanlon Brothers had been discontinued at the Alhambra in consequence of representations made by the Commissioners of Police, I beg to say that no communication on that subject has been received by yours obediently.

F. STRANGE.

27, Leicester Square, Nov. 23.

MR. F. H. COWEN's admirable Symphony in C minor is to be given on Thursday next, the 6th inst., at the Philharmonic Concert, Liverpool, under the direction of its gifted young composer.

MR. BENEDICT AND MR. CHORLEY.—In our last number we remarked that the cheque for £25, dated April 23rd, 1858, which was forwarded to us by Mr. Benedict, was drawn in favour of Mr. Chorley or bearer, and was not indorsed by Mr. Chorley. Mr. Benedict has since shown us that the cheque was passed by a friend of Mr. Chorley's through Messrs. Coutts's Bank.—*Athenaeum*.

PROVINCIAL.

PETERSFIELD.—A correspondent sends us the following:—

"A chamber concert was given under the direction of Mr. Nicholas Mori, on the 23rd ult., being the third of a series, in aid of the distressed English in Paris. The programme was classical, opening with Mozart's Quartet in F, No. 27, for oboe and strings, well played by Mr. Grattan Cooke, Mr. N. Mori, the Hon. Sydney Skiffington, and the Rev. G. L. Blake. Beethoven's romance in G for violin and piano-forte was confided to Miss Nichols and Mr. Mori, who also joined in the same composer's serenade trio in D. Miss Nichols played one of Handel's *Suites* for pianoforte with much success, and was loudly applauded; as were Dr. Leachman and the Rev. G. L. Blake, in all their songs. The latter is both a good singer and an excellent violoncellist. Haydn's "*Surprise*," given in excellent style by a small but efficient orchestra, closed the concert, which was a perfect success.

LIVERPOOL.—The *Mercury* of November 23rd. speaks thus of a Philharmonic Concert in honour of Beethoven:—

"Doing honour to the 'Michael Angelo of music,' the Philharmonic Society last evening devoted the whole programme to the works of Beethoven. The selection of music was varied and excellent. The instrumental items included the C minor Symphony, the *Egmont*, *Leonora*, and *Fidelio* overtures, the 'Choral Fantasia,' the 'Moonlight Sonata,' with the *Ruins of Athens* march and chorus. The vocal selections were entrusted to Mrs. Weldon and Mr. Vernon Rigby. The symphony, of course, was the leading item, and each movement was listened to with marked attention and manifest delight. The orchestra brought real enthusiasm to their work, and the result did credit both to executants and conductor. The almost symphonic overtures received a very faithful interpretation. Perhaps the most pleasing portion of the programme was the 'Choral Fantasia'—so quaint and piquant in some parts, and broad, vigorous, and melodious in others. Madame Arabella Goddard's performance of the introductory *adagio* was a model of refinement and intelligence, while the orchestra and chorus were quite at home with the work which fell to their lot. The 'Moonlight Sonata' had been frequently performed by Madame Goddard, and therefore it is only necessary to say that she played it with that poetic sympathy and brilliant manipulation which formerly marked her performance. Mrs. Weldon failed to create anything like a favourable impression. The recitative and air from *Enfani* ('Jehovah, hear me,' and 'Oh my heart is sore'), *Adelaide*, and 'The Call of the Quail,' were Mr. Vernon Rigby's solos, sung in his usual style. Mr. Benedict's labours were arduous, but he proved himself fully equal to all requirements.

EDINBURGH.—We take the following from a lengthy account, in the *Scotman*, of the opening of the renovated organ in St. Paul's Episcopal Church:—

"Professor Oakeley presided at the organ. The choir was augmented by a few outsiders, all picked voices. The music of the hymns was taken from *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, except the metrical Hundredth Psalm, in which an arrangement by Mr. Oakeley of the Old Hundredth was substituted. The whole music in both services was of post-Reformation date, except two Lutheran chorales and the already mentioned Old Hundred. The chants were selected to demonstrate that the best Anglican chants may be sung in unison as well as in harmony. There has been during the last few years a very prevalent idea that only Gregorian chants can be sung with effect in unison; but this was entirely disproved on this occasion. The Psalm for the Morning was sung to a chant by Dr. Stephen Elvey, in which the singing of the choir was good, and the management of the accompaniment by Mr. Oakeley remarkable. The *Te Deum* was arranged to a quadruple chant by Mr. Oakeley. A very beautiful anthem, also by Mr. Oakeley, 'O Praise the Lord, all ye Nations,' was introduced in the Morning Service. The music of the hymn after the sermon in the afternoon was also by Mr. Oakeley. The anthem in the afternoon was by Kent from 1 Chronicles xxix. 10—13. The voluntaries were as follows:—In the morning:—Introductory—Andante, Lefebure Wely; 'Ave verum,' Mozart. Concluding—the so-called 'St. Ann's' Fugue in E flat major, Bach; 'Hallelujah Chorus,' from *Mount of Olives*, Beethoven. In the afternoon:—Introductory—Prelude, Brosig; Andante Gracioso, H. Smart. Concluding—Prelude and Fugue in G minor, Bach; 'Hallelujah Chorus,' *Messiah*, Handel. The organ was originally built by Schnetzer in 1774 for the Episcopal Church in the Cowgate, of which the present St. Paul's is the successor. It had at first but two rows of keys, Great organ GG to E, and Swell to fiddle G. When removed to the present church, a Choir organ by Bruce was added, and the Swell carried down to D. Since 1828 Messrs. Hamilton have been entrusted with the charge of the organ, and the alterations and improvements now made, comprising a number of new and beautiful stops, have been effected by them in accordance with a plan by Professor Oakeley. The stops are now forty in number, besides eight couplers."

NOTTINGHAM.—The *Daily Express* of Tuesday last contained the following:—

"The musical public of Nottingham are indebted to Mr. H. Farmer for the introduction of an entertainment which has flourished through thirteen seasons in London, and has always been regarded as particularly instructive, healthy, and agreeable. The current season in the metropolis commenced only a few weeks ago; and we observe that the caterer for our local bill of fare has followed the example of Mr. A. S. Chappell, and arranged a selection from the works of Beethoven exclusively. The undertaking is experimental, and the appearance of the large hall of the Mechanics' Institution last evening was hardly such as to encourage hopes of immediate success, though the subscription places were well filled. The following was the programme:—

"Trio, in G (Op. 1, No. 2), for piano, violin, and violoncello, Beethoven (Miss Butler, Mr. Henry Farmer, and Mr. Selby). Song, 'Penitence,' Beethoven (Miss Annie Hall). Sonata, in A (Op. 47) (dedicated to Kreutzer), for piano and violin, Beethoven (Miss Butler and Mr. Henry Farmer). Song, 'In Questa Tomba,' Beethoven (Miss Annie Hall). Quartet, in C minor (Op. 18, No. 4), for two violins, viola, and violoncello, Beethoven (Mr. Henry Farmer, Mr. Leverton, Mr. Myers, and Mr. Selby). Song, 'Know'st thou the Land,' Beethoven (Miss Annie Hall). Quartet, in E flat (Op. 16), for piano, violin, viola, and violoncello, Beethoven (Miss Butler, Mr. Henry Farmer, Mr. Myers, and Mr. Selby).

It will be seen that the various pieces were in good hands. The pianist displayed to advantage her very considerable powers; her reading being well phrased, her articulation distinct, and her tone quite enough to consort with the other instruments. Mr. Farmer's first violin was admirable, especially in the Sonata, in A, and the quartet in C minor. Indeed the *ensemble* of the latter was so good as to make it the piece of the evening. The vocalist, Miss Annie Hall, possesses a voice of fair range."

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THE GERMAN RHINE.

At the present moment there is a revived interest in Nikolau Becker's "German Rhine" with the reply to it by Alfred de Musset and the following translation of them may be acceptable:—

It never shall be France's,
The free, the German Rhine,
Tho' raven-like she glances
And croaks her foul design.

So long as calmly gliding
It wears its mantle green,
So long as oar dividing
Its mirrored wave is seen.

It never shall be France's,
The free, the German Rhine,
So long as youth enhances
His fervour with its wine.

So long as, sentry keeping,
The rocks its margin stud;
So long as spires are steeping
Their image in its flood;

It never shall be France's,
The free, the German Rhine,
So long as festive dances
Its lover-groups combine;

So long as angler bringeth
Its lusty trout to shore,
So long as minstrel singeth
His praise from door to door.

It never shall be France's,
The free, the German Rhine,
Until its broad expanse is
Its last defender's shrine.

REPLY.

Your German Rhine has been ours before!
It has served our wassail bowls to fill.
Can singing its praise from door to door
Efface the hoof-prints, legible still,
Of our cavalry charge that bathed its left bank in your gore?

Your German Rhine has been ours before!
On its breast the wound still gapeth wide,
Which conquering Condé made, when he tore
Thro' its mantle of green to the farther side;
Where once the sire has ridden, shall the son not ride once more!

Your German Rhine has been ours before!
Of your German virtues what remains
When across its flood our legions pour
And the Empire over-clouds your plains?
When all your men have fallen, have ye other men in store?

Your German Rhine has been ours before!
If ye your annals would fain forget,
Your daughters remember the days of yore,
And wish the Frenchmen among them yet,
For whom your vintage white they were always blithe to pour.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

THE "ROSE MAIDEN."

In the course of a long article on Mr. Cowen's new cantata, the *Daily Telegraph* says:—

"With reference to Mr. Cowen's general treatment of the subject, it must be granted that he has made the most of his opportunities for contrast. These, as already intimated, are few; consisting mainly of the scene for the 'gardener's daughter,' the wedding chorus, and the baritone air wherein the tumult of nature and the peace of a loving home are set against each other. As the story moves on elsewhere, with a placid sameness which must have sorely tested the composer's ingenuity, the actual variety imparted is creditable in no slight degree. Looking more closely at Mr. Cowen's music, we find it divided into two portions, each so distinctive that one might fancy two composers had been at work. The orchestra is written for throughout, with a free, bold hand guided by fine taste and admirable invention; while in the vocal department, Mr. Cowen seems to have determined upon the gain of an easy popularity, rather than upon giving full play to his undoubted powers. If this be an error it is but one of judgment, and neither throws discredit upon the composer's ability, nor affects the opinion of those who, knowing what he can do, find that he has not done all he might. But, to repeat in other words what has been said before, the orchestral part of the *Rose Maiden* demands almost unqualified praise. Thoughtful and happy design, effective colouring, and well-sustained interest are merits lying on the surface. From many points deserving notice we can only select a few. The introduction has for its chief theme a tranquil and plaintive melody, forming the central idea of the whole. As representative of the sorrow which waits upon all earthly joy—for so we interpret it—this melody again and again reappears with increasing suggestiveness, and at happily-chosen times. We hear it when the demented maiden rejoices at the fancied coming of her swain; when Roseblossom dreams of the freer she loves; and when the elves chaunt their farewell over her grave. Other applications of the same device are not wanting. When, for example, the sorrow of Roseblossom on account of her dead husband is described, a violin *obbligato* repeats the theme of the song wherein the 'gardener's daughter' imagines the corpse of her lover is before her. In short Mr. Cowen has happily used a means of effect which requires to be employed with great discretion. The scoring of the accompaniments, throughout, is full—here and there, perhaps a little more full than necessary—but at the same time, it is clear in its details and obvious in its meaning. The young composer, while never at a loss for appropriate forms, shows a marked preference for that which—to quote the most familiar example—Mendelssohn has employed in 'Happy and blest are they' (*St. Paul*). We refer to the constant repetition of a brief semi-quaver phrase. This device is employed—for 'muted' violins—in the pretty chorus, 'Mid the waving rose trees'; in a portion of the tenor air, 'The sleep of even'; and notably in the baritone solo, 'Where gloomy pine trees rustle'; a transfer of the figure from bass strings to violins, at the point where the peace of home is contrasted with the turmoil of nature, being one of Mr. Cowen's most felicitous strokes. Another point to be commended is that produced by occasional *piano* passages for trombones, such as occur in the chorus, 'O earth-born sorrow'; where, also, an effective and novel use is made of the *grasse caisse*. It would be easy to cite many more features in the orchestration of the *Rose Maiden*; but we must be content to point out only the admirable character of its interludes. Mr. Cowen appears at his best when voices do not hamper his movements, and there are not a few passages worthy the composer of the symphony to which reference has already been made. It is only necessary to quote in proof the prelude to the scene of the 'gardener's daughter'; to the air descriptive of Roseblossom's waiting for her coming love; and to the elfin chorus, 'Farewell, sleep thou lightly'; the last being quite Mendelssohnian in its lightness and grace. With regard to the airs and duets, it is at once obvious that the sameness of the story has affected a result which Mr. Cowen on his part appears to have kept down to a certain level. They are written with almost uniform smoothness, and the melodies are such as the popular ear receives with gratitude; but lack of contrast cannot help making itself felt, even under such circumstances. In the style and treatment of his choruses Mr. Cowen is careful to be in harmony with the style and treatment of his solos. They are simply constructed upon themes which are pleasant if not novel, and their effect arises naturally from the use of familiar means rather than from any special efforts. Among the best examples are 'Green vale, and vine-clad mountains,' the wedding chorus, and the introduction to the chorus of elves, 'What sounds there so softly.' Not to prolong these remarks, we may dismiss Mr. Cowen's latest work with the observation that it will assuredly increase his popularity, and thus attain its apparent object."

DRESDEN.—Preparations are being made at the Theatre Royal to celebrate with due solemnity the centenary of Beethoven's birth. At the request of the management, Herr Julius Rodenberg has written a "*Festspiel*" with choruses, *Das Erwachen der Kunst*, for the occasion. —A report was circulated lately that Herr Tichatschek was about to take his farewell, at least from the Royal Operahouse here, in the part of Ivanhoe, on the 23rd November. This report, as the event has proved, was inexact. In the first place, Herr Tichatschek's engagement does not expire till the 31st inst., and, in the next, nothing has yet been decided as to the when and where of his last appearance.

MUSIC IN PHILADELPHIA.

Mr. Charles H. Jarvis has announced six *soirées*, commencing November 19. This is the ninth year of Mr. Jarvis's pleasant re-unions, which have always been very successful. Mr. Jarvis is assisted by Mr. Kopta, violinist, and Mr. Hennig, violoncellist.

Mr. Carl Wolfsohn is giving a series of six pianoforte *matinées*, at which many new and important works will be produced. He is assisted by Mr. Hennig, violoncellist, and Mr. Stoll, violinist. The instrumental pieces are interspersed with vocal music, Mrs. Sauvan assisting at the first *matinée*.

It is said that the old Germania Band will give a series of concerts this winter under the direction of Carl Sentz. New life will be infused into the organization, and a selection of fine works will be performed.

Mr. H. Cross has been elected conductor by the "Abt Society," an organization consisting of twenty able singers.

A military band, led by Mark Hasster, numbering sixty pieces, with an extra drum corps, will shortly commence a series of concerts. This band stands in such high favour with the Philadelphians, that a movement is on foot to raise 5,000 dollars to supply it with uniforms.

MUSIC IN BOSTON.

The Harvard Association commenced its concerts on November the 3rd, under the direction of Carl Zerrahn. The initial concert was one of a series of three to be given in commemoration of the Centennial Anniversary of Beethoven's birth.

The Centennial Anniversary of the birth of Beethoven affords Boston a three days' festival, which will be divided among various associations. On the 15th of December, the second Beethoven concert of Harvard Association will take place. On the 16th, the Handel and Haydn Society, under the direction of Carl Zerrahn, will perform Beethoven's Choral (9th) Symphony. Various associations and individual artists will give concerts on the 17th, including the Parker Club, The Cælia Society, etc. The memory of Beethoven will thus be appropriately honoured.

Charlotte Cushman, who has just arrived from abroad, in a failing state of health, has made still further donations to the Boston Music Hall. Some time since she gave busts of Beethoven, Mozart, and Palestrina; to these she has now added the busts of Gluck and Mendelssohn. They are beautiful works of art, reflecting great credit upon the Danish sculptor, Wilhelm Mathien.

Mr. Eugene Thayer is the conductor of the Boston Choral Union, an association which promises to become an important addition to the musical strength of that city. It commenced its regular rehearsals last month.

Mr. Gilmore is not dead; neither is he asleep. His great International Jubilee continues to be the leading thought of his active brain. It cannot be given next spring, the disturbed state of Europe being a sufficient reason for postponement. Previous to the Prussian-French war, Mr. Gilmore had intercourse with the leading European representatives at Washington, and received from them the most cordial assurances that they would use all their influence to forward his grand and comprehensive design. The Jubilee is, therefore, only in abeyance until peace prepares Europe for this stupendous musical idea.

Gilmore's *History of the Great Peace Jubilee* is positively to be out in December.

Ernest Perabo gave his second *matinée*, at Horticultural Hall, on the 11th ult.

In the local paper, *El Siglo*, we read highly flattering accounts of the wonderful singing of Madlle. Carlotta Patti (sister of the famous Adelina Patti) at Montevideo. "*No es una mujer, es un ruiseñor*"—says the enthusiastic writer of the musical *feuilleton* in that esteemed journal. We can well understand that Carlotta Patti has astonished musical amateurs in those distant regions. "*There is a magic in the name of Patti!*" In short, a Patti must mean, more or less, a nightingale.

FLORENCE.—The centenary of Beethoven's birth was piously celebrated on the 14th, 21st, and 26th ult., by three concerts, at which the executants were Herr Hans von Bulow (piano), Signor Giovacchino (violin), and Signor Jefe Sbolei (violoncello), and the programmes, arranged according to the composer's three periods. First Evening—Trio, in C minor, Op. 1, No. 3, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello; Sonata, in F major, Op. 24, for Pianoforte and Violin; Sonata, quasi Fantasia, in E flat major, Op. 27, No. 3, for Pianoforte; and Sonata, in G minor, Op. 5, No. 2, for Pianoforte and Violoncello. Second Evening—Sonata, in A major, Op. 69, for Pianoforte and Violoncello; Sonata Appassionata, in F minor, Op. 57; Trio, in E flat major, Op. 70, No. 2, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello; Sonata, in A minor, Op. 47, for Pianoforte and Violin. Third Evening—Sonata, in G major, Op. 96, for Pianoforte and Violin; Sonata, in D major, Op. 102, No. 2, for Pianoforte and Violoncello; Sonata, in C minor, Op. 111, for Pianoforte; Trio, in B flat major, Op. 97, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello.

MUSIC A MEANS OF CULTURE.

By J. S. DWIGHT.

(Continued from page 720.)

2. Such civilizing, educating power has music for society at large. Now in the finer sense of culture, such as we look for in more private and select "society," as it is called, music in the *salon*, in the small chamber concert, where congenial spirits are assembled in its name,—good music of course,—does it not create a finer sphere of social sympathy and courtesy?—does it not better mould the tone and manners from within than any imitative "fashion" from without? What society, upon the whole, is quite so sweet, so satisfactory, so refined, as the best musical society, if only Mozart, Mendelssohn, Franz, Chopin, set the tone! The finer the kind of music heard or made together, the better the society. This bond of union only reaches the few; coarser, meaner, more prosaic natures are not drawn to it. Wealth and fashion may not dictate who shall be of it. Here congenial spirits meet in a way once free, happy and instructive, meet with an object which insures "society;" whereas so-called society, as such, is often aimless, vague, unedifying and fatiguing, for the want of any subject-matter. Here one gets ideas of beauty which are not mere arbitrary fashions, ugly often to the eye of taste. Here you may escape vulgarity by a way not vulgar in itself, like that of fashion, which makes wealth and family and means of dress its passports. Here you can be as exclusive as you please, by the soul's right, not wronging any one; here learn gentle manners, and the quiet ease and courtesy with which cultivated people move, without in the same process learning insincerity.

Of course the same remarks apply to similar sincere reunions in the name of any other art,—or poetry. But music is the most social of them all, even if each listener find nothing set down to his part (or even hers!) but *tacet*.

3. We have fancied ourselves entering a musical house together, but we must leave it with no time to make report, or picture out the scene. Now could we only enter the chamber, the inner sanctum, the private inner life of a thoroughly musical person, one who is wont to *live* in music! could we know him in his solitude! (You can only know him in yourself, unless he be a poet and creator in his art and bequeath himself in that form, in his works, for any who know how to read.)

If the best of all society is musical society, we go further and say: The sweetest of all solitude is when one is alone with music. One gets the best of music, the sincerest part, when he is alone. Our poet-philosopher has told us to secure solitude at any cost; there is nothing which we can so ill afford to do without. It is a great vice of our society, that it provides for and disposes to so little solitude, ignoring the fact that often there is more loneliness in company than out of it. Now to a musical person, in the mood of it, in the sweet hours by himself, comes music as the nearest friend, nearer and dearer than ever before, and he soon finds that he never was in such good company. I doubt if symphony of Beethoven, opera of Mozart, Passion Music of Bach, was ever so enjoyed or felt in grandest public rendering, as one may feel it while he recalls its outline by himself at his piano (even if he be a slow and bungling reader, and must get it out by piecemeal). I doubt if such an one can carry home from the performance, in presence of the applauding crowd, nearly so much as he may take to it from such inward, private preparation.

Are you alone?—what spirits you can summon up to fill the vacancy, and people it with life and love and beauty! Take down the volume of Sonatas, the arrangement of the great Symphony, the recorded reveries of Chopin, the songs of Schubert, Schumann, Franz, or even the chorales, with the harmony of Bach, in which the four parts blend their several individual melodies together in such loving service of the whole, that the plain people's tune becomes a germ unfolding into endless wealth and beauty of meaning and you have the very essence of all prayer and praise and gratitude, as if you were a worshipper in the ideal church. Nothing like music, *then*, to banish the benumbing ghost of *ennui*. It lends secret sympathy, relief, expression, to all one's moods, longings, sorrows; comes nearer to the soul, or to the secret wound, than any friend or healing sunshine from without. It nourishes and feeds the hidden springs of hope and love and faith; renews the old conviction of life's spring-time,—that the world is ruled by love, that God is good, that beauty is a divine end of life, and not a snare and an illusion. It floods out of sight the unsightly, muddy grounds of life's petty anxious, doubting moments, and makes immortality a present fact, lived in and realized. It locks the door against the outer world of discords, contradictions, inopportunities, beneath the notice of a soul so richly occupied; lets "Fate knock at the door" (as Beethoven said in explanation of his symphony)—Fate and the pursuing Furies—and even welcomes them, and turns them into gracious goddesses,—Eumenides!

Music in this way is a marvellous elixir to keep off old age. Youth returns in solitary hours with Beethoven and Mozart. Touching the chords of the Moonlight Sonata, the old man is once more a lover; with the *andante* of the Pastoral Symphony, he loiters by the shady brookside hand in hand with his fresh heart's first angel. You are past the sentimental age, yet you can weep alone in music,—not weep exactly, but find outlet more expressive and more worthy of your manly faith.

A great grief comes, an inconsolable bereavement, an humiliating, paralyzing reverse, a blow of Fate giving the lie to your best plans and bringing your

best powers into discredit with yourself, then you are best prepared and best entitled to receive the secret visitations of these tuneful goddesses and muses.

"Who never ate his bread in tears,
He knows you not, ye heavenly powers."

So sings the German poet. It is the want of inward, deep experience, it is innocence of sorrow and of trial, more than the lack of any special cultivation of musical taste or knowledge, that debars many people—naturally most young people, and all who are what we call shallow natures—from the feeling and enjoyment of many of the truest, deepest, and most heavenly of all the works of music. Take the Passion Music of Bach, for instance; if you can sit down alone at your piano and decipher strains and pieces of it when you need such music, you shall find that in its quiet quaintness, its sincerity and tenderness, its abstinence from all striving for effect, it speaks to you and entwines itself about your heart, like the sweetest, deepest verses in the Bible, when "the soul muses till the fire burns."

Such a panacea is this art for loneliness. But sometimes, too, it may intensify the sense of loneliness, only for more heavenly relief at last. Think of the deep composer, of lonely, sad Beethoven, wreaking his pain upon expression in those impatient chords and modulations, putting his sorrows into sonatas, and wringing triumph always out of all! Look at him as he was then morose, they say, and lonely and tormented; look where he is now, as the whole world knows him, feels him, seeks him for its joy and inspiration,—and who can doubt of immortality?

Now in such private solace, in such solitary joys, is there not culture? Can one rise from such communings with the good spirits of the tone-world, and go out, without new peace, new faith, new hope, and good-will in his soul? He goes forth in the spirit of reconciliation and of patience, however much he may hate the wrong he sees about him, or however little he accepts authorities and creeds that make war on his freedom. The man who has tasted such life, and courted it till he has become acclimated in it, whether he be of this party or that, or none at all, whether he be believer or "heretic," conservative or radical, follower of Christ by name or "Free Religionist," belongs to the harmonic and ancient body-guard of peace, fraternity, good-will; his instincts all have caught the rhythm of that holy march; the good genius leads, he has but to follow cheerfully and humbly. For somehow the minute fibres, the infinitesimal atoms of his being, have got magnetized, as it were, into a loyal, positive direction toward the polar-star of unity; he has grown attuned to a believing, loving mood, just as the body of a violin, the walls of a music-hall, by much music-making, become gradually seasoned into smooth vibration.

WAIFS.

M. Maurice Strakosch has returned to London from Brussels.

Early in the new year the Rival Court Theatre, in Sloane Square, will be opened as a place of fashionable entertainment.

The "Stop" most grateful to impartial lookers on, while certain organs (who shall be nameless), are playing, is the *dead stop*. (This is not from *Punch*.)

Mr. Busicault's drama, *Jezabel*, will be immediately produced at the Holborn Theatre. Mr. H. Neville and Miss K. Rodgers will have prominent characters in it.

The opening of the Lyceum Theatre with an Opera Buffa Company (Limited) is announced. Signor Bottesini's opera, *Ali Baba*, is promised for the first night.

Watts composed 697 hymns, and Wesley 600. About a tenth of them live, and are sung in every Christian church where the English language is used.

Rossini's ("Petite!") *Messe Solennelle* is about to be performed at St. James's Hall, under the direction of Mr. Henry Leslie, with Madame Albani, Comtesse de Pepoli, in the contralto part.

Mr. Barnby's *Rebekah* is being rehearsed by the Kensington Sacred Harmonic Society and also by the Trinity Choral Society, both under the conductorship of Mr. Albert Lowe.

Mrs. Francis Talford's concert, for the benefit of the funds of the Alexandra Homes, Margate, is announced for Monday evening. The accomplished tenor, Signor Gardoni, has generously given his services.

The execution of the monument to be erected to Gluck in his native place, Weidenwang, in the Upper Palatinate, has been confided to Herr Conrad Knoll. The monument will consist of a colossal bust.

The Great Triennial Handel Festival, to be held in the ensuing year at the Crystal Palace, will be on the same scale as on former occasions, the orchestra numbering upwards of four thousand exponents, under the conductorship of Sir Michael Costa. The rehearsal will take place on Friday the 16th June, and the three performances on the following Monday, Wednesday, and Friday.

The Concerts of Ancient Music will enter upon their second season early in the coming year, with the same patron, patronesses, and directors. Mr. Barnby and Mr. E. J. Hopkins remain conductor and organist, Lord Wm. Lennox as hon. secretary, and Mr. Ward as secretary. The four concerts promise to be as before.

The Committee of the Royal Academy of Music intend, at the Christmas examination of 1870, to give a valuable violin as prize to the most meritorious student who has been pupil in the Institution during the three preceding terms, the Committee reserving the right of withholding the gift, should sufficient talent not be exhibited.

The Musical Committee of the Society of Arts met on Monday, the 21st November, Seymour Teulon, Esq., Vice-Chairman of the Council, in the chair. The Committee had under consideration a reference from the Council with regard to the establishment of a National Training School for Music.

Appreciation of the power of sound reaches one of its highest points in the love of music found in persons who, when deprived of sight, enter without distraction into the beauty and intricacies of sound. There used to be a blind asylum at Liverpool, famous for the singing of its inmates, who, with all the concentration of the senses, enjoyed their own music. Some excellent organists have been blind. Music must be a genuine treat to the blind. We can easily imagine the fancy where-with a blind person listens to some touching melody, or full rich harmony.—X.

The following letter has been addressed to the editor of our respected contemporary, the *Musical Times* :—

SIR,—In reading the *Musical Times* for 1859 the other day, I observed a statement that a statue to Mendelssohn had been completed and that an application had been made to Her Majesty for its erection in St. James's Park. Can you or any of your readers inform me what has been done towards its erection in the Park or elsewhere? If it has not been done I think some steps should be taken to have it inaugurated in some public place—say, in the proposed gardens on the Victoria Embankment. I also observed another paragraph as to a proposed collection amongst the musical world for the erection of a College to be called the "Handel College." I should also be glad to know if it was ever set on foot; if so, the amount collected, and what is being or has been done with it. I should be most happy to forward my subscription for such a purpose.—Yours truly,

THOS. B. GUY.

A statute on musical degrees has passed through the Congregation of the University of Oxford, and will become law unless thrown out of Congregation. It requires two public examinations for the degree of Mus. Bacc., one in October, the next in Easter or Trinity. The exercise need not be sent in until after the candidate has past the first examination, and has then to be approved by the Professor, the Chorus, and the third examiner. When this statute was promulgated, November 15th, two amendments (in Latin) were proposed, one by the Rev. E. Hatch (St. Mary Hall), the other by Dr. Stainer (Magd.). Mr. Hatch's amendment was to compel candidates for musical degrees to reside three years in Oxford, and pass the examinations for a degree in Arts. Dr. Stainer's amendment was to constitute the first examination "in four-part harmony and counterpoint," and the second "in five-part counterpoint, instrumentation, history of music, and the construction of works by masters from time to time to be named by the Professor." These amendments were discussed on November 22, in Congregation. Dr. Stainer (Magd. Coll.), Professor H. Smith (Balliol), and Rev. T. Vere-Bayne (Ch. Ch.) spoke in opposition to Mr. Hatch's amendment, which was negatived by 42 to 4. Dr. Stainer's amendment was carried without division. Mr. Hatch's amendment would have virtually closed Oxford degrees against professional musicians, few of whom can spare the time to pass three years in Oxford.

The Asiatic has no ear and no soul for music. Like other savages and children, he loves a noise, and plays on shrill pipes—on the tarabucca, or the tara or tamborine, and a sharp, one-stringed fiddle or rahal. "Of course, in your first Oriental day," says an Eastern traveller, "you will decline no invitation; but you will grow gradually deaf to all entreaties to friends or dragomen to sally forth and hear music. You will remind them that you did not come to the East to go to Bedlam. The absence of music is not strange, for silence is natural to the East and the tropics. When sitting quietly at home in mid-summer, sweeping ever sunward in the glowing heat, we at length reach the tropics in the fixed fervour of a July noon. The day is rapt, the birds and wind are still, and the morning sun glares silence on the world. The Orient is that primeval and perpetual noon, that the very heat explains to you the voluptuous elaboration of its architecture, the brilliancy of its costume, the picturesqueness of its life. But no Mozart was needed to sow Persian gardens with roses breathing love and beauty; no Beethoven to build Himalayas; no Rossini to sparkle and sing with the birds and streams. Those realities are there of which the composers are the poets to Western imaginations. In the East you see and feel music, but hear it never, except in the rich and flowing, deep and

solemn chant of the surpleed novitiates—the priests, monks, nuns, and friars, who carry music wherever the sublime beauties of the Christian religion are introduced.—X.

REVIEWS.

Look at home: A National Song, written by P. T. SULLIVAN, Esq., composed by WILLIAM WILSON. [London: Weippert & Co.]

THE object of this song is a timely one, and will command the sympathy of not a few. It depreciates the lavish aid to foreigners which has been the latest craze of the benevolent public, and bids the charitably disposed to look at the want and misery which lie at their own doors and have greater claims. The music is appropriately simple and vigorous; it is, moreover, such as the ear readily catches and retains, essential qualities in that which aspires to be "national."

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"As zephyr, telling secrets to his rose;" while the poems are of so lyrical a nature that they at once recommend themselves to anyone who (to continue the quotation) can say—

"for with my mind I listen,
And when the leaves of sound are shed upon it,
If there's no seed, remembrance grows not there."

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